

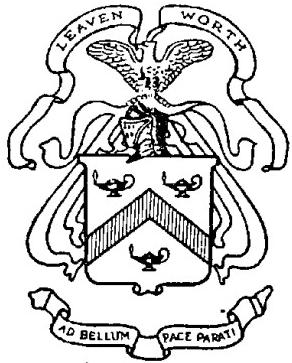
116<sup>TH</sup> SIGNAL RADIO INTELLIGENCE COMPANY

COMMAND AND GENERAL STAFF SCHOOL

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THE COMMAND AND GENERAL STAFF COLLEGE

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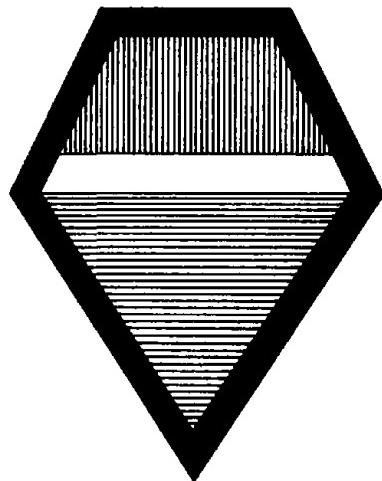
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HISTORY  
OF  
116<sup>TH</sup> SIGNAL RADIO  
INTELLIGENCE COMPANY



FROM  
DATE OF ACTIVATION, 18 MAY, 1942

UNTIL  
V-J DAY, 2 SEPTEMBER, 1945

U.S.A.

MAY 12 1947

PUBLISHED BY R. OLDENBOURG  
MUNICH, GERMANY  
NOVEMBER  
1945

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U.S.A.

## DEDICATION

To those who waited; the families and friends of the  
116th Signal Radio Intelligence Company.

116th SIGNAL RADIO INTELLIGENCE COMPANY  
APO 403 US Army

V-J Day

TO: The Company

I write this with mingled emotions. The one which predominates is a sense of a great loss. Many of us have served together for three years and more, some almost as long, and three years jam packed full of rapidly moving events, varied experiences and associations cannot be dismissed lightly. You have done a great job of which you may be justly proud. There is no similar organization that can surpass or even equal your accomplishments. The diligent prosecution of the war which brought us across five countries was marked with sacrifice, discomfort, and hard work. Never once did you falter. Never once did you shirk the tremendous responsibilities thrust upon you, confident always that victory lay ahead and that concentrated effort, loyalty and determination would bring that victory closer.

The moment I have always dreaded has arrived - the disintegration of the 116th. The close knit warm comradeship welded by years of sharing dangers and sacrifices, the unquenchable spirit, fierce pride and esprit de corps which for so long was the driving force that made the company unique, has come to an end. All that will be left is an enviable record, one which will forever remain with the organization as a goal for your successors to strive to attain. You will not be forgotten nor will you forget, for in the hall of fame in the minds of us all each one will have his place of honor, to live as long as we shall live.

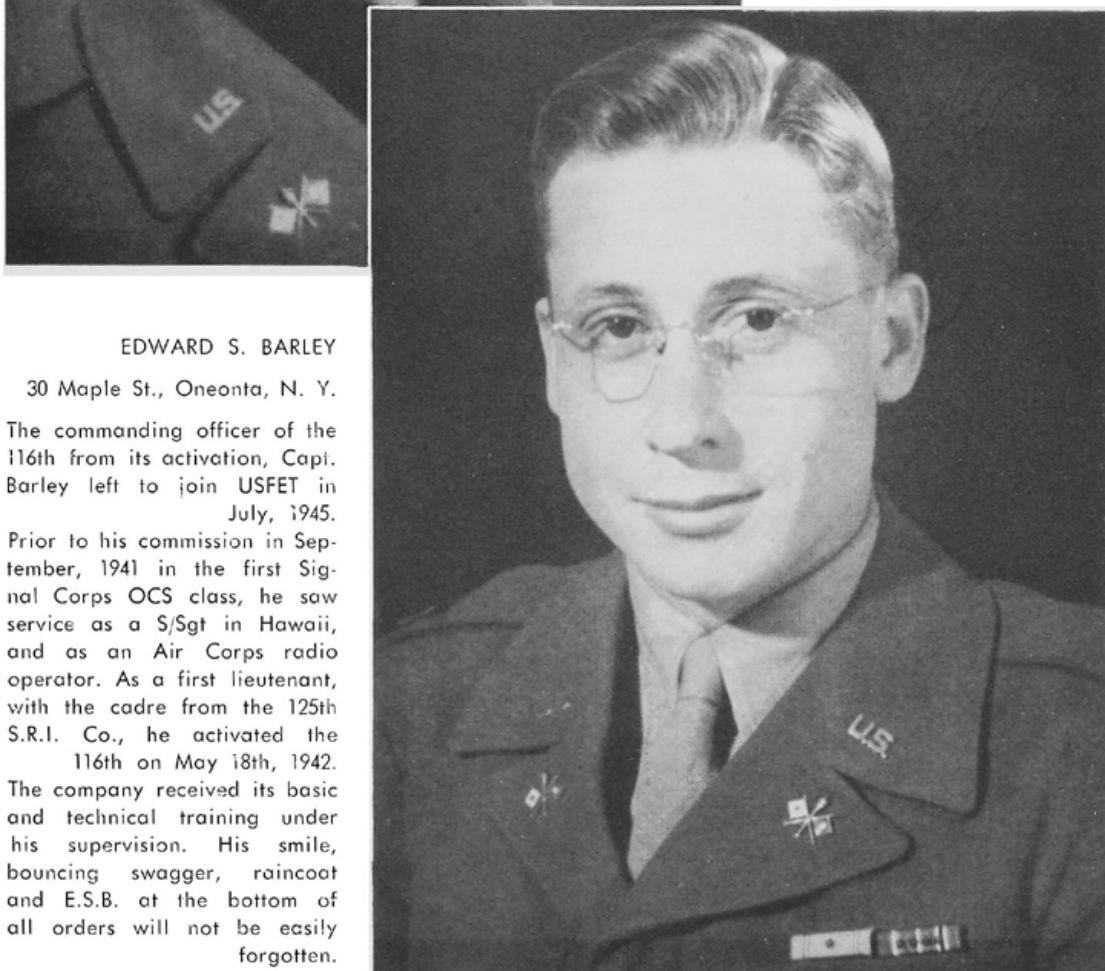
For the future I wish you success in your endeavors, happiness and good health, and the good luck you so richly deserve.

*Sidney B. Brownchweig*  
SIDNEY B BROWNCHWEIG  
1st Lt., Sig Corps  
Commanding



SIDNEY B. BROWNCHWEIG  
910 Church St., Marcus Hook,  
Penn.

Captain Brownchweig, an Army man from way back, entered the service on May 13th, 1929. Before joining the 116th, he saw service in the 179 Signal Repair Co. and served as a radio operator aboard a transport from June, 1941 to April, 1942. In September, 1942 he entered the 116th as intercept officer, later becoming operations officer. During Capt. Barley's absence he took command of the company, and became the company commander in July, 1945, Captain in October. Married, he has no children.



EDWARD S. BARLEY  
30 Maple St., Oneonta, N. Y.

The commanding officer of the 116th from its activation, Capt. Barley left to join USFET in July, 1945.

Prior to his commission in September, 1941 in the first Signal Corps OCS class, he saw service as a S/Sgt in Hawaii, and as an Air Corps radio operator. As a first lieutenant, with the cadre from the 125th S.R.I. Co., he activated the 116th on May 18th, 1942. The company received its basic and technical training under his supervision. His smile, bouncing swagger, raincoat and E.S.B. at the bottom of all orders will not be easily forgotten.



RICHARD R. LYMAN, 108 W. Elm St., Tampa, Fla.  
Before his commission, Lieutenant Lyman saw service as first sergeant in the Pacific. He entered the 116th at Pylewell House, England on July 11th, 1944 as Wire Officer. In Scheyern, Germany he became well known as a member of the weight lifting class, persuading most of the Orderly Room personnel to join him in his exercises. Early in September, 1945 he left the company for redeployment to the States with a group of high point men.



ROBERT C. BEISWANGER, 1321 E. Delevan Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.  
Lieutenant Beiswanger, popular motor and supply officer, joined the 116th in September, 1942. He entered the Army in February, 1941 and served in the 1st Ordnance Co. until accepted for the Signal Corps OCS, from which he was assigned to the 116th.  
He is married and hopes, when he returns to Buffalo, to go into business for himself.



DARRELL J. CAGLE, 2233 S. 208th St., Seattle, Wash.  
C. W. O. Cagle entered the Army in 1940. Before joining the 116th, he served in the 3rd R.I. Co., 20th R.I. Co. and the 125th S.R.I. Co. He was a cadreman for the 116th and in July, 1943 became a Warrant Officer (J.G.) serving as Communication Specialist for the company. Mr. Cagle, well known for his colorful tales, was a geological engineer in civilian life but intends staying in the service. Married, he has a daughter.

BRUCE WILSON, 1514 Westover Rd., Austin, Texas  
Lieutenant Wilson, or "Skip" as he was called on the  
ball field, entered the service on March 22nd, 1941. In  
September, 1942 he joined the 116th. Active in sports,  
Skip pitched on the company softball team and organized  
many of the company's sport activities. After V-E day  
he became I and E officer and helped organize classes  
in various subjects. He left the company in September,  
1945 for home, hoping to resume his pre-war job as a  
geologist.



JACK E. WHITE, Route No. 3, Neosho, Mo.  
Lieutenant White, the "southern gentleman" from Mississippi  
entered the service with the Mississippi National Guard  
in 1940. After graduation from Signal Corps OCS on  
September 12th, 1942, he entered the 116th. He was well  
known for the Articles of War lectures he gave the com-  
pany every six months. In August, 1945 he left the com-  
pany to be discharged and join his wife and child in  
Neosho, Missouri.



MAX R. RAMEY, Hotel Blackhawk, Davenport, Iowa  
Lieutenant Ramey saw service in Panama before his com-  
mission in the Signal Corps. In November, 1944 he joined  
the 116th at Bettemburg, Luxembourg, serving as an  
IB officer. "Max" won the company ping pong cham-  
pionship and played on the IB softball team. In July,  
1945 he was transferred to the 113th S.R.I. Co. for de-  
ployment to U.S.



SIGNAL SECTION  
HQ 12TH ARMY GROUP  
APO 655

330.13

29 May 1945

SUBJECT: Letter of Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officer, 116th Signal Radio Intelligence Company, APO 655.

1. With the war in Europe successfully terminated by the Allies, it is appropriate that due and proper recognition be forthcoming to organizations which have accomplished their missions in superior fashion. Such an organization is the 116th Signal Radio Intelligence Company.

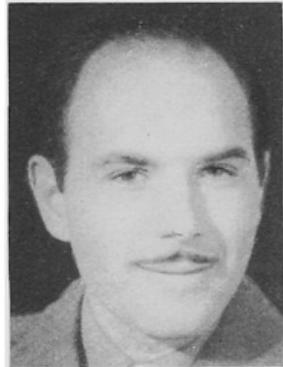
2. Commencing operations on the Continent about the middle of August 1944, the 116th Signal Radio Intelligence Company maintained a schedule of vigorous activity and diligent performance without interruption and delay until the cessation of hostilities. This record of continuous achievement and persistent devotion to duty serves to mark this unit as one which, by its accomplishments, contributed appreciably to the pursuit of the war effort.

3. It is indeed a pleasure to commend each and every officer and enlisted man of your command for this proud history. It was just such high excellence of performance that brought this war in Europe to a successful close.

*G. C. Black*  
GARLAND C. BLACK,  
Brigadier General, USA,  
Signal Officer.

LEON ABRAHAMS, 2625 Hubbard St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Attorney-at-law in civil life, Lee came to the 116th with the IB platoon. He directed many of the company's theatrical productions, conducted a speech course in the I&E program, and wrote for the INDICATOR. He intends to open a progressive camp for children.



MURRAY A. ABRAMOWITZ, 342 New Lots Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Abe" hopes to be able to continue his army job after discharge with a job as a radio operator with the RI division of the F.C.C. He became a member of the company in Oct. '43; is 22 years old, and at present, single.



MORTIMER ABRAMS, 2 Herrick Drive, Lawrence, N.Y.

Morty became a member of the intercept section of the 116th in Oct. '43. In company activities, he was a member of the INDICATOR staff, his section's ball team, and took part in several of the I&E classes. He is undecided about his future after discharge.



WILLIAM W. ADAMS, R.F.D. 1, Tolu, Kentucky.

Prior to entering the army in Sept. '42, Bill worked in the fluorspar mines of his native state. With the 116th since Oct. '42 as a D/F operator and driver, he is 25 years old, single, and as yet undetermined as to future plans.



CLARENCE A. ALDEN, 315 North Second St., Iola, Kansas.

"John", an electrical wiring specialist before the war, had a variety of jobs with the 116th: radio repairman, intercept operator, and D/F man. He is 25 years old.



PATSY M. ALTIERI, 154 Clarence St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Pat entered the army in April '43 and joined the 116th the following October. A printer-compositor as a civilian, he served as a teletype operator, played softball with the Wire and IB teams, and was technical advisor for the INDICATOR.



JOE ALTOBELLO, Box 172, Clarksburg, West Virginia.

"Slim", a coal miner and truck driver in civilian life, came to the 116th five days after he entered the army on Oct. 6, 1942. He served with the motor section. He is 34 years old, is married, and has a daughter, Susan.



WARD W. APPLEGATE, Oakland, Iowa.

"Snuffy" was a driver for the company from the time he completed basic in June '42. A carpenter before entering service, he is 27, married, and the father of daughter Shirlee Marie.



ROY L. BANKS, Route 1, Pointe, Texas.

"Tex" left his farm to join the army in Feb. '42, and entered the 116th the following May. His duties with the company were those of motor mechanic, and he held down 1st base for his section ball club. He left for the states in Sept. '45.

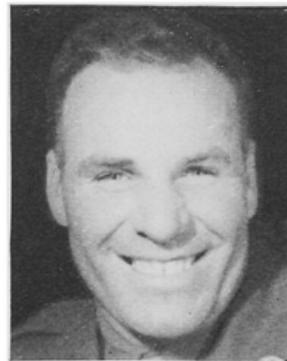


EARL P. BARNETT, Fordsville, Kentucky

"Smiley" entered the army in Sept. '42 and came to the 116th the following month. He served as a cook. He is married, and intends to return to his old occupation of driving a bulldozer.

ALMON H. BASCOM, Cherry Creek, New York.

Almon entered the army in Nov. '42 and came to the company in Oct. '43. He served in the motor section as driver, PE maintenance man, and as mechanic. A furniture assembler as a civilian, he is 35, single, and plans to have his own farm when he receives his discharge.



PAUL J. BAUMAN, 2243—9th St. N. W., Canton, Ohio.

Paul, control chief and plotter of the D/F section was with the company for all but one month of his army career which began in Sept. '42. He is 25 years old, single, and undecided about what he will do as a civilian.



MITCHELL BAYES, Oil Springs, Kentucky.

With civilian experience as a cable splicer, Big Mitch joined the outfit in Oct. '42. He was first assigned to the wire team, and later served in the D/F and mess sections. He is 26 years old and single.



MARVIN J. BEHR, 12 Seaman Ave., New York, N.Y.

Marv, a textile salesman before he entered the service in Jan. '43, joined the 116th in April '44 with the IB section. A mainstay of his platoon's ball club, he was also sports editor of the INDICATOR, and took part in many of the company shows.



FRED J. BENEDEK, 8106 Ivory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Fred was in the army a year before he joined this unit at Fort DuPont in June 1943. An intercept operator, he played on the Section 3 softball team. He is 38, married, and has a son, Fred Jr.



GILBERT BERNSTEIN, 1215 East 7th St., Tucson, Arizona.  
"Good-time Charlie" joined the company in England in July '44 as an intercept operator. He took part in the I&E Program. A salesman before he entered service, he plans to go into business after he receives his discharge.



JOHN B. BIODROWSKI, 4113 South 28th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

John, a sheetmetal worker before he entered the army in Feb. '43, came to the 116th the following October as an intercept operator. He is 22 years old, single, his chief interest is in photography, and he has not yet made any definite postwar plans.



GUY BLACKBURN, McConnelsville, Ohio.

"Blackie", an automobile mechanic in civilian life, continued with that job after he came to the 116th back in May '42. His extra activities included playing ball and providing entertainment for the boys with his guitar. He plans to be a heavy equipment operator.



LEO BLOWERS, 17 Elm Street, Osborn, Ohio.

Leo worked as a postal clerk before he entered the army in Sept. '42. He came to the 116th the following month and served as a lineman and switchboard operator. His plans for the future are not yet decided.



JOHN E. BOBINKO, R. D. 1, Emporium, Pa.

"Bink" was a toolmaker as a civilian, and plans to return to his old trade on his release. He entered the army in Nov. '42, and came to the 116th in Oct. '43 as an intercept operator. Sports are his big interest, particularly, hunting, fishing, basketball, and football.

FELIX S. BOES, Linn, Mo.

"The Major" entered the army in Aug. '42 and after receiving code training, joined the 116th in April '43 as an intercept operator. He played softball for his section's team. He is 32 years old and single.



KENT D. BOGGS, Perter, West Virginia.

"The Colonel" entered the army in Oct. '42 and came to the 116th the following September. He served chiefly as a D/F operator, and took part in the company's I&E program. A radio repairman in civilian life, he intends to continue in that line after discharge.



ROBERT C. BOLDT, Route 1, Audubon, Iowa.

Bob was a milk plant operator before he entered the army in July '43. He came to the company as an IB man in April '44, and he managed his section's B-League ball team. He is 21 and single.



FRANK S. BOWERS, 9604 Dickens Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Goatee" came to the company in Oct. '42 and served as a driver in the motor section. He was a salesman in civilian life. He is 24 years old, is married, and has a son, James.



REGINALD G. BOYD, Box 124, Timblin, Pa.

Reggie has been a member of the 116th since Oct. '42, and served as an intercept section chief. He intends to return to his old job with Republic Steel in Youngstown, Ohio, after he is reoriented to civilian life with his wife, Evelyn, and daughter, Patty Del.



DENVER LEE BRADBURY, 1719 S. Carvins,  
Evansville, Indiana.

With the 116th since Oct. '42 Brad has served as supply clerk, officers' orderly, and cook. He is 23, married, and plans to return to his civilian occupation of farming.



ARTHER BRADEN, 225 N. 10th St., Middlesboro, Kentucky.  
Art joined the outfit in Oct. '42 and served with the D/F, intercept, and mess sections. He is single, and plans to return to his civilian occupation of factory worker.



ALAN E. BRANDT, 2314 Avenue 'S', Brooklyn, N.Y.  
Alan, the company's leading song writer, left the University of Michigan to enter the army in March '43. He joined the company with the IB section. Active in most of the company shows, and instructor in the dance class, he intends to complete his education after discharge.



STEPHEN J. BRONEC, Hubbard, Oregon.  
After serving with the Infantry in the Pacific, Steve joined the 116th in Jan. '44 as a member of the mess section. He left for home in Aug. '45 to his wife Shirley Ann, to resume his prewar occupation of farming.



WILLIAM C. BRUNKHORST, Drake Hotel,  
Chicago, Illinois.

"Bucko" left the University of Illinois to enter the army, and came to the 116th in April '44 as a cryptanalyst with the IB section. He was editor of the INDICATOR. He is 23, married, and plans to complete his education after discharge.

MAURICE R. BUZARD, 2316 West Pike's Peak Ave.,  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

"Buzz" had a varied career as a draftsman, farmer, prospector, and cow puncher before he entered the army in Sept. '42. He joined the 116th at Camp Shanks as an intercept operator. He took an active part in the I&E program.



EDWARD H. BYRNES, 638 Spencer St., Toledo, Ohio.  
Eddie worked as a cost accounting clerk before he entered the army in Sept. '43. With the 116th since the following October, he worked chiefly as a D/F operator. He played softball for his section. 24 years old, single, he has no definite plans for his civilian future.



JOHN F. CABLE, c/o Western Electric Co., Marion, Illinois.  
Johnny worked as a switchboard installer for Western Electric as a civilian, and plans to return to his old job after discharge. He came to the 116th in Nov. '42 and worked as a D/F operator. He played softball for his section. He is 25 years old and single.



FRANCIS P. CALLAHAN, 43 Arsdale St., Boston, Mass.  
Leaving his wife Dorothy, Cal entered the service in April '43, joined the 116th in October, and here continued with his old civilian work as a teletype operator. His off-duty hours were spent in bartending, poker, and playing softball. He has a daughter, Sheila.



ROBERT L. CALVERT, 5821 Valley View Ave.,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Bob entered the army in Nov. '42 and came to the company at Pylewell with the IB section. At Scheyern, he taught a course in German, and spiritedly supported his section's B softball team. After discharge he intends to resume his old work as Boy Scout Executive.



VIRGIL A. CANTERBURY, Walton, West Virginia.

Virgil has been with the 116th since he entered the service in Oct. '42. He served as teletype man, supply clerk, and PX manager. Photography is his chief hobby. An office worker as a civilian, he is 23 years old and is married.



TOM CANTWELL, 615 Fry Ave., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Commencing his army career with the 116th in Oct. '42, "Tim" became an intercept operator. He was transferred as cadre to the 3255th Signal Service Company just prior to D-Day and served with that unit through the five major continental operations.



FRANCIS W. CARTER, 3651 Garfield Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Willie, a student at Minnesota when the army called in June '43, came to the 116th with the IB section. He left for the states in Aug. '45, and upon discharge, he intends to resume his college studies.



FRANK C. CASTELLUCCI, Route 3, Alliance, Ohio.

Frank, 24 and married, served with the 116th since he entered the army in Oct. '42. Formerly a cabinet maker, he served as a radio repairman, and was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service.

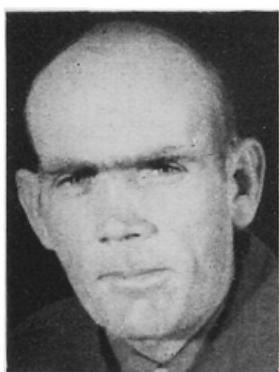


ROBERT L. CHAPMAN, R. R. 1, Rockport, Indiana.

Bob left his civilian occupation of farming to join the army in Sept. '42. He came to the unit a month later, and served as a driver. He played softball for his section's team, and will be remembered for his guitar playing and singing of cowboy songs.

JOHN J. CLARKE, 215 Maple St., Lawrenceville, Indiana.

John joined the company in Oct. '42 and served as a driver in the motor pool. A truck driver and a welder as a civilian, he is 24 years old, is married, and is the father of two sons.



JAMES A. COLLIER, Route 2, Ennis, Texas.

"Rusty" left driving trucks to join the army in Feb. '42. He came to the 116th the following May, where he worked as a motor mechanic. 35 years old and single, he plans to go into the trucking and contracting business after his discharge.



THOMAS R. COLUCCI, 702 Prospect Road,  
Ashtabula, Ohio.

A senior clerk in a business office before entering the army, Tom came to the 116th in April '44 with the IB section. He taught typing and dancing in the I&E program, and played softball for his section team.



GLEN L. CONDER, Stanford, Indiana.

Glen was a dairy farmer before he joined the army. With the 116th since Sept. '42, he worked with the teletype section and as wire maintenance man. His postwar plans are "back to the farm".



EARL CONLEY, 412 Geary St., New Cumberland, Pa.

"The Chief", a 4th section radio operator and softball player, entered the company in Oct. '43. 26 years old and married, he plans to continue with radio training after his release from the service.



JAMES Z. CRAIN, 1402 East Ash, Springfield, Illinois.  
Jim left his job as lineman with the Illinois Bell Co. to enter the army in Oct. '42, and came to the 116th a month later. He served as a teletype operator, a lineman, and as driver in the motor pool. He is 25, married, and has a daughter, Sandra Elyce.



JOHN BRUCE CRUME, 2605 Gladstone,  
Louisville, Kentucky.

In government service prior to his induction in June '43, John's army jobs were cryptanalyst and translator. He wrote for the INDICATOR and played softball for the IB "B" team, and acted as moderator at the orientation meetings.



HAROLD E. CULL, Route 3, Portland, Indiana.

Harold, 24 years old and single, entered the army in Sept. '42 and came to the company a month later. He worked as a driver, and played softball for the motor section's team. Farming was his peacetime occupation, and he intends to return to it.



MARION E. CURR, Chester, Idaho.

Marion, a farmer in civilian life, entered the army in Feb. '42 and joined the 116th the following May. He served in the mess and wire sections. He is 37, single, and undecided about his future occupation.



CLAYTON CURTIS, Sharkey, Kentucky.

Curt was with the company since Oct. '42, and worked as driver, mechanic, and carpenter. He is 29, married, has a son, and intends to have a farm of his own after he leaves the army.

HENRY J. CZAJKOWSKI, 6944 Reuter,  
Dearborn, Michigan.

Coming to this unit from the 78th Div, 21 year old Hank has been an intercept operator throughout his 116th career. He intends to resume his chemistry studies after discharge, and hopes to do laboratory research.



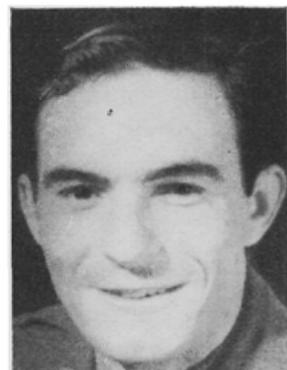
DONALD K. DANIELL, 58 17th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.  
"Dan" was a steel inspector before he entered the army in Sept. '42, and hopes to return to his old job upon his discharge. He came to the 116th in Oct. '42, and served as a driver. He is 24 and single.

ELMER SELDON DAVIS, 313 North Harlem St.,  
Joplin, Missouri.

Before joining the company in Dec. '43, Dave saw service with the 78th Inf. Div. As a civilian, he was employed as a radio assembler in Seattle, Wash., where he intends to make his postwar home with his wife.



GEORGE D. DEAL, 614 E. Main St., Van Wert, Ohio.  
A former county engineer and onetime CCC company commander, George joined the 116th in Oct. '42. His company duties ranged from clerk to teletype operator to mess sergeant, with softball as his secondary interest. He is 29 and married.



JESSE R. DEATON, Argonne, Wisconsin.

Jess joined the army in March '43 and the 116th the following October. Formerly a railroad telegraph operator, he served in the unit as an intercept man. His other interests were swimming and softball. He is 24 and single.



FLOYD J. DELBELLO, Princeton, Michigan.

Del left the Cleveland Cliff Iron Co. to enter the army in March '42, and came to the 116th in May. He served in the wire section as installer, repairman, and lineman. He is married, and has a daughter, Lynn Fay.



ANTHONY D. DE RENZO, 105 Stoebeer St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Tony", a supply clerk with the company, came into the army in March '42 and joined the 116th two months later. An amateur photographer, he is married, and intends to go into business for himself when he returns home.



JOHN A. DETATE, 523 E Myrtle Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

"Spot" was among the original reception center replacements who came to the 116th in October '42. Prior to his induction he worked for the Atlas Powder Co, but he is still undetermined about his future except that he will return to Josephine, his wife, and his small son, Tony.



MARTIN DE VANTIER, Route 1, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

"John" entered service in Oct. '42 and came to the company in April '43. He served as an intercept operator and driver. He is 27, is married, and is as yet undecided about his postwar plans.



NORMAN DOLGONAS, 1415 North California Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

"Dahl" entered the army in March '43, and arrived in the company in Dec. He played softball for the 4th Intercept Section, and was a student in the I&E program. He intends to get more schooling before choosing an occupation.

GEORGE L. DONOVAN, 45 Richardson St.,  
Newton, Mass.

"Spidah" entered the army in April '43. A former electrical draftsman, he intends to make use of his army job as a commercial radio operator after he is discharged. He played softball, and took part in the I&E program.



RICHARD H. DOTY, 9 Kent Avenue, Pittsfield, Mass.  
Dick came in service in April '43 a single man, but since has become the husband of Shirley and father of Cheryl. A member of the 116th since Oct. '43, he worked as a teletype operator and orderly room clerk, and played ball for Wire in '44, and Administration in '45.



RICHARD F. DOWDY, Bardwell, Kentucky.

Dick joined the company in Oct. '42 and worked as a cook and as a driver. His athletic interests were in softball and swimming. He is 25, has a son, and plans to open his own restaurant after he receives his discharge.



JAMES J. DOWNEY, 2321 Tiebout Ave., The Bronx,  
New York City.

Before entering service in March '43, "Irish" worked for Western Electric. He came to the company as a radio operator, and played on Section 1's ball team. He is 25, unmarried, and plans to continue his education.



CLAYTON R. DUNKLE, R.F.D. 1, Knox, Pa.

"Rich" entered the company in April '43 and held the job of intercept operator and doubled as truck driver. A softball and basketball player, he is 22, single, worked as a welder as a civilian, but has not yet decided on his future occupation.



CHARLES W. DYMOTT, 57 Belair Road, Rosebank, Staten Island, N.Y.

Boss of the 4th Intercept Section, Charlie was one of the original cadre of the 116th. He played softball, and took an active part in I&E. He is married, and upon discharge, plans to go back to his former job with Procter & Gamble.

EDWARD J. DYNDA, 3878 West 134th St.,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

For his service with the company as installer and switchboard repairman, Ed was awarded the Bronze Star Medal. He plans to return to the job with Ohio Bell that he left when he entered the army in Oct. '42.

He is married, and has a daughter, Janice Marie.



CHARLES JAMES EASTMAN, 176 Madigan St.,  
Berlin, New Hampshire.

Leaving his civilian occupation in carpentry and police work, Charlie entered the army in June '43. He came to the 116th in Jan. '44, and worked as a radio operator and switchboard man. He is married and has a son, Donald George.

ROBERT G. EHRENFELD, 2456 Sepviva St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Before the war Bob was an experimental technician in refrigeration and in radar. He came to the company in Dec. '43 to work as an intercept operator, D/F man, and plotter. He was on the INDICATOR. is interested in lyric writing and journalism, and is 21 and single.



SAMUEL EISENBERG, 652 Buena Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Sam started his army career in April '43 and joined the company in July '45 after serving 15 months at Barn. A member of the IB platoon, he is single, 33 years old, and plans to return to his law practice. He took part in the I&E program, and played for the IB B team.

WILLIAM A. ELSTON JR., 274 Seneca Park Ave.,  
Rochester, N.Y.

After eight months in ERC, "Elkhead" left his wife Esther in April '43 for active service. He came to the 116th in October as a teletype operator. He played softball for Wire and IB, and his hobbies are photography and coin collecting.



JOHN EVARTS, Black Mountain College,  
Black Mountain, North Carolina.

An assistant professor of Music at Black Mountain College, before the war, John entered the company with the IB section at Pylewell. A talented pianist, he was the organizer of many of the company's activities, the shows, the Concert Series, and the Barnyard College of Music.



GEORGE BROWN FEATHERSTONE, Route 3,  
Swigert Ave., Lexington, Ky.

"The Rat" is the first half of the inseparable twins. Both brothers came into the army in Sept. '42 and joined the 116th in October of that year. They have been together in everything from the time they were born 23 years ago.



PORTER PRATHER FEATHERSTONE, Route 3,  
Swigert Ave., Lexington, Ky.

"The Weasel", or the other half of that hard-to-tell-apart combination, like his brother spent most of his time in the company as a field D/F operator. Both are single. Tobacco was their civilian occupation, and they plan to return to it.



WALTER H. FELLERS, Route 3, Quanah, Texas.

"Tex" came to the 116th in June '42. He was a line-man for the wire section, and held down 2nd base for the D/F—Wire B softball team. When he gets his discharge, he plans to go back to the farm.



PHILIP K. FERGUSON, 22 Garfield, Youngstown, Ohio. Chiefly a plotter with D/F during his service with the company that began in Oct. '42, "Fergie" was an active participant in the athletic activities,—barbell, volleyball, swimming, and softball. He hopes to return to his old job with the Ohio Bell Co.



WALTER J. FINDEIS, 393 Fox Avenue, Yonkers, N.Y.

Walt interrupted his education to enter the service in Aug. '42. He came to the 116th in England in July '44. He has supplemented his intercept operator training with much study, and hopes to continue his education in the field of Radio Engineering after discharge.



HAROLD J. FLAYER, 3443 Montrose Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Junior" entered the service in Feb. '42 and came to the 116th seven months later as an intercept operator. A sports fan he took part in softball, boxing, and weight lifting. He is married and plans to go into business after discharge.



RALPH W. FRENCH, 1318 Decatur St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Ralph was a receiving clerk before entering the army in August '43. He came to the 116th as a member of the IB platoon, and was a mainstay of the section's softball team; single and 20 years old he hopes to continue his education after leaving the army.



HAROLD F. GIBSON, Vernon Center, R. F. D. I., New York.

"Gib" was formerly a sales clerk and handmill operator. He entered the army in October 1942, and came to the 116th a year later as teletype operator and lineman. He is 20 years old and single.

FLORIAN HENRY GIORGIO, 227 No. Livingston Ave.,  
Livingston, New Jersey.

After one and one-half years at the University of Pennsylvania, "Georgie" joined the ERC for radio operator training. He was called to active service in August '43, and entered the 116th in July '44. He plays the piano and sax, and took an active part in the I & E program.

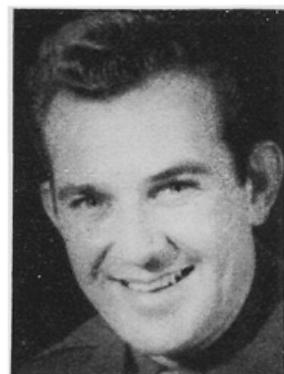
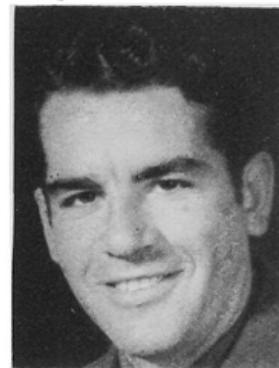


CHARLES V. GOELZ, 10 Parkview Ave., Lowell, Mass.

Charlie entered the army in Oct. '42 and came to the company in April '44. For his work as a traffic analyst he received the Bronze Star Medal. He took part in the I & E program, and wrote for the Indicator and the Company Book. He is married and has a son Barth.

ROBERT LOUIS GORDILLA, 1924 Oak Avenue,  
Altoona, Pa.

"Bob" joined the 116th in Feb. '43. Originally an intercept man he later became a member of the IB section. Active in sports, he was an ace pitcher for the IB softball team. Single and 21 years old, he plans to study Radio Engineering.



PETER PAUL GORSKI, 45 Center St. Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Pete worked in radio for Western Electric in Kearny, N. J. before he came into the army in Nov. '42. He joined the company in April '43 and served as a radio operator. He is 25 years old and single.

RALPH GREENBERG, 101 Newport Street, Brooklyn,  
N.Y.

After a couple of years in Air Corps Ordnance, "Hank" joined the 116th as IB section leader in April '44. He was known to the company for his singing and for his work as boxing instructor and baseball umpire. He is married and has a daughter. He plans to return to his prewar job as silk buyer.





WALTER J. GRZESIOWSKI, 4216 Iowa Avenue,  
St. Louis, Mo.

A statistical clerk as a civilian, "Wally" began his active duty in September '43 after 8 months ERC training in radio repair. He joined the 116th in England in July '44 as an intercept operator, and was a member of the third section's softball team. He is 23, and engaged to be married.



AUGUST H. GUEDRAS, 130 North Pershing Drive,  
Akron, Ohio.

Gus, 25 years old and married, was a cable splicer before he entered the service in Sept. '42. With the company he worked as a teletype and switchboard installer and repairman, and as a driver. His athletic interests were in softball and horseshoe pitching.



CHARLES F. GULDENSCHUH, 48 Leighton Ave.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

"Chuck" entered the army in October '42, and the 116th the following May as a radio operator. Prior to the service, he worked for Eastman Kodak. He took part in many of the company's athletic activities, notably as catcher for section 4's softball team.



KENNETH GULLIFORD, Nanticoke, Pa.

The "Deacon" has been with the 116th since October '43, and worked as teletype operator, wireman, and P. X. man. His extra activities included pitching for his section's and the company's ball team, and singing in the glee club. He is married, and the father of Marlene Dale.



LEONARD HAGLUND, 3335 North Keating Ave.,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Before entering the army, in Feb. '42, Len worked as an inspector of electrical appliances. He joined the 116th in May '42 and served as a truck mechanic and intercept operator. He is married, and looks forward to returning to his old job.

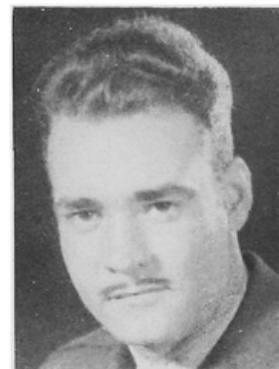
DONALD W. HANSON, 724 Main st., Neenah,  
Wisconsin.

Don joined the company in Aug. '44 in Periers, France, and served as a driver for the motor section. Electricity is his big interest. An assembler in civilian life, he is 22, single, and undecided about his future occupation.



CLAUDE E. HARLOW, Forest Grove, Oregon.

Claude joined the 116th at Camp Shanks in Jan. '44. He worked as an intercept operator with the company and as a radio operator at Barn for several months. He plans to study diesel machinery after his discharge.



WILLIAM E. HARMAN, 823 S. Second St., Shawnee,  
Kansas.

Bill was a student at Rockhurst College before he entered the army. He came to the 116th in June '42, and served with the wire and teletype sections. He is married, and the father of a son, Lawrence.



LEON A. HARTY, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Leon was with the 116th from May '42 until August '45, when he left for the states for release from the service. He is 40 years old, and has a daughter. He served chiefly with the wire section in the company.



MARVIN D. HATHAWAY, North 7th St., Buhl, Idaho.

Marvin joined the company at Camp Shanks, just in time to catch the boat. He was engaged in farming as a civilian, and worked as a switchboard operator and lineman with the unit. He is 23, and married.



NELSON W. HAWK, R. F. D. 2, Louisville, Ohio.

"Nellie", a member of the D/F section, was an active participant in most company sports and in the I E program. He is 25 years old, has been in the service since Oct. '42, and plans to continue his education after discharge.

ROBERT C. HERBST, 118 West Third St., Newport, Kentucky.

Bob left his civilian occupation in painting and decorating to join the army in Sept. '42, and came to the 116th a month later. He was a driver in the motor pool, and played softball for the section's team.



CLOYCE B. HICKS, 221 Dake Street, Earlington, Kentucky.

"C. B." entered the company October 11, 1942, as an intercept man. A student of theology, he often led Sunday Services and conducted Bible discussions. He is as yet undecided about his future after his release from the army.



OLLIE J. HOLLAND, Frenchburg, Kentucky.

Jim, a farmer and truck driver as a civilian, entered the army in Sept. '42 and came to the 116th the following month. A driver for the motor pool, he played softball for the section team. He is 28 years old, married, and has a son, Michael Duane.



EGBERT M. HOLMQUIST, Bagley, Minnesota.

"Swede" started his army career March 5, 1942 at Camp Crowder, Mo. and came to the 116th in May. He served in the wire section and did the company carpentry. He is single, 37 years old, and is going back to his farm.

RAYMOND J. HUMISTON, 337 W. Church Street,  
Sandwich, Illinois.

"Hummy" has been with the 116th since April 1943 as a radio operator. He is 25 and single, caught for the first section ball team, and used to enjoy hunting and fishing. Before the war, he was engaged in plumbing but he plans to study Air Conditioning after his discharge.



PETER W. HURAND, 612 N. 5th Street, Steubenville, Ohio.

"Pete" was a lineman for the Ohio Bell before he entered the army in Sept. 1942. He joined the 116th a month later as a member of the Wire section. He is 24 years old and single.



IGNATIUS IANNI, 11622 Farringdon Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

A member of the 116th since October '42 "Ig" was a radio operator until after V-E Day when he resumed his old civilian occupation by establishing a company tailor shop. He is 28, engaged to be married, and intends to enter merchandising.



STEVE P. JACOLIK, 3001 South Farrell Street, Chicago 8, Illinois.

"Jack", an all-around athlete, joined the company as a high speed operator on May 2, 1943. He pitched and played left field for the First section. His post-war plans are uncertain except that he definitely intends to remain a bachelor.



EUGENE C. JANOVITCH, 28-29 43 Street, Long Island City, New York.

"Gene" entered the 116th in April '43, six months after he entered the Army, and spent most of his time here in the supply section. Boxing and weight-lifting were his extra-time activities. He is single, 22 years old, and plans to become a salesman when he returns to civilian life.



ROBERT H. JOHNS, 401 West Hughitt St., Iron Mountain, Michigan.

Bob was one of the charter members of the 116th, coming to the company as a member of the original cadre, back in May '42. He served as motor mechanic, motor sergeant, and played ball for the section team. He is 25 years old, and single.



LOUIS R. JOINER, 708 N. 15th Street, Mayfield, Kentucky.

Martin Bomber Co. lost a good machinist when "Lou" entered the army in Sept. '42. His duties with the 116th were those of radio repairman and battery electrician. He is 23 years old, married, and he has a daughter, Mary Lou.



HOWARD F. JONES, 468 Canterbury Road, Bay Village, Ohio.

Howard entered the army in Sept. '42 and came to the 116th a month later. He served in the teletype and wire sections, and as a traffic analyst in the IB section. Married and 36 years old, he was a jewelery salesman in civilian life.



HOWARD K. JONES, Route 1, Owensboro, Kentucky.

Truck driver, lineman, and cook have been the duties of "Hank" since he joined this unit on October 11, 1942. His secondary interest was playing softball for the Motor section. He plans to return to his prewar job with the Basic Drilling Co.



JAMES B. JONES, Box 314, Bridgeport, West Virginia.

Jimmy left off farming to enter the army in Oct. '42 and joined the 116th a few days later. He worked as an intercept operator. His outside interests were softball and coin collecting. He is 24, married, and has a daughter.

CLYDE W. JORDAN, P. O. Box Nr. 151, East Brady,  
Pennsylvania.

"Lucky" spent most of his army career with the 116th since he joined up in Feb. '43. He first tried his hand at radio, but later found his niche as the "Assistant Sgt. Major". Twenty two years old and single, his future plans are as yet undecided.

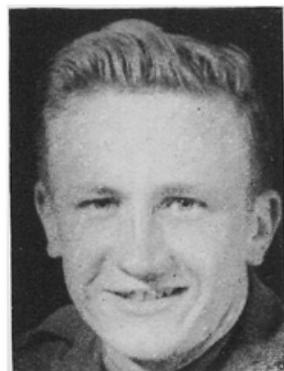


WILLIAM D. JOYCE, 3410 South Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

"Bing" entered the service in Sept '42 and the 116th the following month. His army duties were those of administration and confidential clerk. Married, 25 years old, he was a member of the E.M. council, the Indicator staff, and took a large part in compiling the company book.

RAYMOND E. JURCZYKOWSKI, 2948 North Harding Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

24 year old "Jersey" joined the service in Oct. '42 and became a member of the intercept section of the 116th in April '43. He played softball and was a participant in the IE program. An electro-plater as a civilian, his future plans are not yet decided.



FRANCIS A. KALASZ, 2032 Caledonia, Toledo, Ohio.

"Frank", the Supply Sgt. has been with the company since the days of Crowder. As a civilian, he was a booker with Libby-Owens-Ford. He is 27 years old and single.

FRANK G. KARTHAS, 63 Whitney St., Boston, Mass.

Frank, an assistant office manager before he entered the army in April '43, served as a teletype operator with the 116th from Oct. '43 until Mar. '45, when he was transferred to the 135th. He is 24 years old, and married.





WILTON KEELING, Pederach, Kentucky.

"Pedro" was a radio operator for the 116th when he was transferred to the 135th SRI. Married, he intends to join his father in the real estate business.



HARRY H. KINKER, 1613 Jermain Drive, Toledo 6, Ohio.

"Kink" has served up our chow since the formation of the unit in 1942. Photography and collecting snapshots are his hobbies. Anxious to get home to his wife, Myrtle, he's undecided about his postwar occupation.



STANLEY C. KNIGHT, 150 Park Street, Medford, Massachusetts.

Holder of both commercial and "ham" licenses, Stan enlisted in ERC July 7th, 1942 for more radio training. He joined the 116th in England in July 1944. He played softball for the 3d Section. He is married, and intends to continue in the radio field when he is discharged.



WALTER L. KNOWLTON, Route 3, Osgood, Indiana.

A member of the company since Oct. 1942, Walt was known as a sportsman, student of our Scheyern College, and a radio operator. He's a licensed "ham" operator and wants his friends to call him on his station on the site of the model farm he hopes to establish.



HARLOW J. KOCHER, Route Nr. 3, Harrison, Ohio.

"Jim" has wheeled our supply trucks around since the days of Oct. '42 when he joined the company at Crowder. His interests lie in his Ohio farm, to which he hopes soon to return.

JACK KOEPPEL, R.R. Nr. 1, Peoria, Ill.

Jack entered the army in Oct '42 and came to the 116th the following month. He worked as a lineman in the wire section, and played softball for his section team and the varsity. He is single and 24 years old.



EDGAR W. KOPP, Route 2, Box 174, Thiensville, Wisconsin.

Edgar was a driver for the 116th from the time he joined the company back in May '42. Farming was his civilian occupation. He is 30 years old, and married to a girl he met in Bettendorf, Luxembourg.



LESLIE KRIZANOVIC, 1407 Morris Ave., Union, New Jersey.

"Kriz" left a name band to join the service and came to the 116th as a radio operator in Aug. 1943. At Scheyern, he led the company swing group. He looks forward to seeing his wife, Helen, whom he married just before leaving the States.



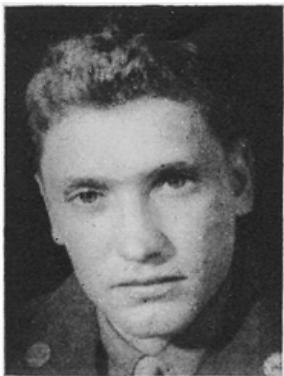
RICHARD K. KRUMBINE, 518 E. Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

"Pappy", an arc-welder in civilian life, joined the army in Sept '43 and came to the 116th as a traffic analyst in April 1944. He is 32, is married, and his plans are to first get both himself and his wife out of the army.



NORMAN H. KUTNER, 1314 Seneca Ave., Bronx, New York.

After his discharge, "Norm" intends to use his army training as a radio operator to obtain a position with the FCC. He came to the company in the Fall of 1943, and served as intercept operator and first baseman for Section One. He is 24 and married.



MURRAY W. KYZER, Route 2, Dike, Texas.

"Tex" left off farming and driving a truck to join the army in Sept. '42. He came to the 116th the following May, and served in the intercept and motor sections. Softball was his chief outside interest. He is 24, single, and undecided about his future.

RALPH LACKEY, 14 Favre Street, Mattapan,  
Massachusetts.

"Lack" joined the army in Jan. '43, and came to the 116th the following Aug. A member of the Intercept and IB sections, he participated in the I & E program. He is married and intends to return to his own business when he is discharged.



MICHAEL J. LAFALCE, 45 Fitchett St. Poughkeepsie,  
New York.

"Mike" has been with the 116th since Easter, 1943 after completing basic and 6 months radio operating course. A fine musician, Mike's trumpet was often heard with the dance band and in the Barnyard concerts, and his voice with the Quartet and Chorus.



EDWARD S. LARSICK, 62 East Auburndale Ave.,  
Youngstown, Ohio.

Ed served two hitches in the army back in the 30's and came in once again in Oct. '42. He served in the 116th as chief lineman. A steel worker as a civilian, he has no definite plans for his future after discharge.



HOWARD J. LAUNER, 808 West 5th St., Grand Island,  
Nebraska.

"Howdy" left a job as a machinist to enter the army in Nov. '42. He came to the 116th the following April, and worked as an intercept operator. He is 23 years old, is married, and has a daughter, Marlene Rae.

JAMES P. LEDGER, 1221 Arch Street, Norristown,  
Pennsylvania.

Jim was a Pennsylvania Steel man before he came to the 116th in the summer of 1942. He served as a section chief in the wire platoon. He is married and has a daughter, Donna Reneé.



WILBUR T. LEE, Lincoln Heights, Steubenville, Ohio.

Willie worked for Standard Oil before he came into the army in Sept. '42. He joined the 116th a month later and served as a driver. He played on the motor pool's softball team. He is married and has a son.

EDWARD T. LIPKA, 507 Cedar Avenue, Exeter Boro,  
Penns.

"Ed", 28 years old and single, was an intercept operator until his transfer in Mar '45 to the 135th Sig Rad Int Co. Other than the fact that he is anxious to discard his OD's Ed is uncertain about the future for himself.



CARL LOOYENGOED, 379 E. Forest Ave., Muskegon,  
Michigan.

"Loogie" has been at various times an intercept operator, motor messenger, teletype operator, traffic analyst, company photographer, and photography instructor since he joined the company in Oct. 1942. He is 23 years old and single.



OSCAR LOVELESS, Glezen, Indiana.

"Old Doc" worked at farming, stone quarrying, and in a radio cabinet factory before he joined the service in Feb. '42. He came to the 116th next May, and served as a driver. He pitched for his section's B-League ball team.



EDWARD LUNDQUIST, 471 49th Street, Brooklyn, New York.

"Eddie's" activities ranged from intercept operator and bartending to student in Scheyern College, and playing softball and weight lifting. He came to the unit in Fall of '43 from a job as a ship's steward. He is married and has a daughter Carol Ann.

HENRY F. MACKEBEN, 3814 West Fulton St., Chicago, Illinois.

Mac entered service in March '42 and came to the 116th the following June. His chief duties with the company were as a D/F operator and field section chief. He is 38 years old, single, and uncertain as to just what he will do after he leaves the army.



WENDELL B. MARESH, Box 73, Pisek, North Dakota.

"Fats" drove a truck for the supply section during the time from May '42 that he was with the company. Photography and horseshoes were his outside interests. Upon discharge he intends to return to his old job of brewmaster.



LESLIE MARSHALL, P. O. Box 177, Bagley, Minn.

"Les" came from his civilian job as shoe salesman and fitter to be a supply man. He entered the unit in the spring of 1942, two months after he joined the army. He is 33 years old and single.



SAMUEL A. MASCIALINO, 1498 East 33rd Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sam came to the company in the autumn of 1943, and has since been a radio operator, motor messenger, and telegraph operator. He intends to return to his work with communications equipment with Western Electric Co.

PETER W. MATSEAS, 302 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.

To get back to his wife Lillian and his daughter Shirley Ann is Pete's chief concern. At home he hopes to have a service station of his own. Pete entered the 116th as a high speed radio operator on September 1st, 1943. He played third base for the 1st section ball club.



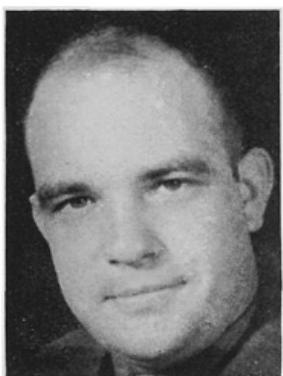
CHRISTOS MAYULIANOS, 217-12 110th Rd., Queens Village, LI, New York.

"Chris" enlisted in the Signal Corps in October '42. After basic at Crowder he took his radio operator's training at Kansas City before coming into the 116th as an intercept operator in April '43. Chris was transferred to the 3253rd Signal Service Company in May 1944.



ROBERT McCLAIN, New Freedom R.D., Pennsylvania.

The army took Bob from a position as a paint contractor, put him in the 78th Inf. Div., then trained him to intercept for us in the 3d section. He prefers to hunt game, but in the company did a lot of softball playing.



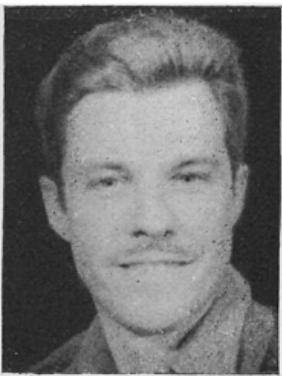
OLIVER M. McEACHERN, 801 South F, Wellington, Kansas.

Oliver, 26 and single, used to work in a flour mill in Kansas to which he intends to return when released from the army. As a switchboard operator, his voice saying "Barnyard Operator" is known to all of us.



ARTHUR P. McINTYRE, Dunlap, Ill.

Mac joined the 116th four days after he entered the army in Nov '42. He served as a radio and D/F operator. He is 23, single, and plans to resume his civilian occupation in farming.



ROBERT W. MCKENZIE, 7040 Elmhurst Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

A student of Radio Broadcasting at Wayne University, "Mack" went on with radio, radar, and navigation in ERC. Entered the unit in England as intercept operator, but was transferred to the 135th SRI in Spring of 1944.



JOSEPH P. McNALLY JR., 623 South Third St., Keokuk, Iowa.

"Mac" drove a truck and worked in a shoe factory before he entered the army in April '43. He came to the 116th a year later, where he worked as a driver and courier. He played softball for the motor section. 23 and single, he plans to continue his education after discharge.



BLAINE McVAY, R. F. D. 3, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Mac came to the company in Oct. '42 and served as a teletype operator, lineman, and driver. In his spare time he played softball. He is married, has a son, and intends to go back to his old job with Timken Bearing Co.



GEORGE McWHIRTER, 91 Roland Ave., Lackawanna, N.Y.

"Mac" came to the 116th in the fall of 1943 as an intercept operator. An all around sportsman, he looks forward to return to his wife and daughter, and to his old job as a brakeman in the Bethlehem Steel Plant.



WALTER R. METH, 517 West 113th St., New York, N.Y.

"Waldo" came from the 100th Div to the 116th in Dec '43. He served as an intercept operator, interpreter, and utilities man. His outside interests are musical, playing the violin and accordion. 24 years old and single, he was an engineering student as a civilian.

JOHN H. MEYER, 1640 Frederick Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

John entered the army in March '41 coming with the original cadre to the 116th in May '42. He served in the mess section and as an interpreter. His outside interests are softball and golf. He is 28 and single.



VIRGIL H. MILES, DeKalb Junction, New York.

Virgil left the company in Sept. '45 after 8 years of army life. Throughout his army career he had a variety of jobs ranging from cook to intercept control chief. His first plans for civilian life are to be married; then he will decide on his future occupation.



OTHO H. MILLER, Glenville, West Virginia.

Teletype operator, lineman, and driver were the duties of Otho during his army career. He entered the army in Sept. '42, and was transferred to the 116th Oct. 11th, 1942. He is married and is waiting to go back to his wife Cledith and son James.



EARL N. MITCHELL, Charleston, West Virginia.

Earl joined the army in July '42, and came to the 116th the following October. He performed the tasks of radio and D/F repairman. Twenty nine years old and single, he intends to resume his civilian occupation as a radio repairman.



FRANKLYN B. MODELL, 4730 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Sgt's don't have nicknames — — one's you print. Besides his favorite "eating out" pastime, Frank, a professional artist was often to be found sketching, and his stage designs, his cartoons and stories for the Indicator bear witness to his artistic ability and sense of humor.

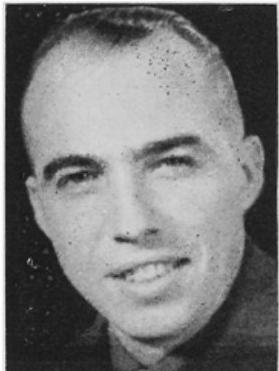


LAWRENCE G. MOEN, Spring Grove, Minnesota.

Larry joined the 116th in May '42 and worked as mail clerk, motor mechanic, and dispatcher. Before entering service he had a variety of jobs. He has no definite plans for after discharge. He is married, and has a son, Bill.

ROBERT M. MOHN, 35 N. Dunlap Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

From November 1939, until he left in August '45, Bob served the army as cook, chauffeur, mess sergeant, dispatcher, radio operator, supply sgt., and mobile D.F. man. He is married and intends to resume his civilian occupation in commercial refrigeration.



VERNON R. MOHRMAN, 139 West Arch Street, Marquette, Mich.

"Hap", the company's chief clerk since way back in May '42, was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service in performance of his duties. A service station operator as a civilian, he is thirty years old and married.



JAMES T. MOORE, Christina, Delaware.

"JT" was inducted into the army in February '42, and joined the 116th in May. Besides his duties of orderly room clerk, and taking charge of the teletype section, he always found time to go on trips for the company and to play softball for the wire and IB sections.



RICHARD J. MOORE, 2612 South Lowell Ave., Springfield, Illinois.

Dick worked as a tool grinder before he entered the army in Feb. '42. He joined the 116th in May of that year and served as lineman and as a driver. He played softball in the A league. His plans for the future are not yet definite.

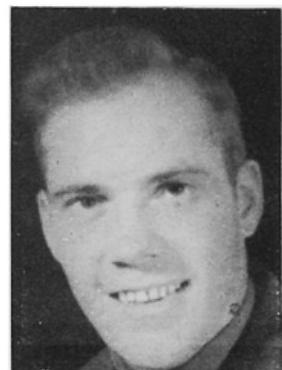
DAVID W. NICHOLS, 2038 Spring Garden St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Nick" entered the company in April '43 after 4 months of training as a radio operator in Los Angeles. He plans to serve a peacetime hitch in China before settling down and becoming a civilian radio operator.



ALVIN A. NOULLET, 3312 Dumaine St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Al joined the 116th in May '42 and worked as assistant wire chief and as organizer of Special Service activities for the company. 28 years old and single, he was a professional ball player in the Texas League, and worked for Southern Bell before he entered the service. He plans to pick up where he left off when he is a civilian again.



ROY G. OLSEN, 115 Second Street South,  
Virginia, Minn.

Roy left college to enter the army in Aug. '42, and came to the 116th as an intercept operator the following May. Music and softball were his outside interests. He plans to study medicine after his discharge.



THADDEUS J. OPOKA, 7431 Parkwood, Detroit, Mich.

"Lefty", the varsity and motor pool's star softball pitcher, was a driver for the company from May '42 until he left for home in Sept. '45. He is married, has a daughter, and plans to resume his civilian job as a press operator.



WILLIAM J. O'ROURKE, 2848 Bryant St., San Francisco,  
California.

Bill came with the original cadre to the 116th in May '42, and served as motor sergeant until he left the company for home in Sept. '45. Bill is married. A liquor salesman before he entered the army, he plans to go into business for himself.



JOHN J. O'SULLIVAN, 1932 11th St., Niagara Falls, New York.

Sully entered the army in Nov. '42 and came to the 116th at A. P. Hill. He worked as a D/F operator, managed his section's softball team and played on the company's varsity. He is 23, single, and plans on going into the police force as a civilian.



CARMINE PAGANO, 24-31-24th Street, Astoria, Long Island, N.Y.

Called "Irish" because he isn't, "Pag" had a varied career with the 116th as radio operator, lineman, and finally clerk and mail orderly. He plans to go into the wholesale produce business when he gets home.



ANTHONY L. PAGLINO, 1308 Ashland Avenue, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

"Pag", a high speed radio operator entered the 116th in May '43. A student in the I & E program, he pitched for the first section. He plans to study engineering when he's a civilian again.



WILLIAM T. PARK, 15 Nassau Road, Oceanside, New York.

Bill joined the 116th in April '43 and served as an intercept operator and in Special Service. He played basketball, baseball, and softball for the company teams. Prior to entering service, Bill worked for the Norden Co., but his postwar plans are at present still indefinite. He is married and has a son Bill Jr.



GUY B. NEW, Rt. Nr. 1, Hallettsville, Texas.

"Baker" entered the service in March '42. Trained as a truck driver in SCRTC, Cp. Crowder he was transferred to the 116th in May '42 and has since that time driven a 2½ GMC for the company. He is 27, single, and will most likely return to his job on the farm.

BURLEY PENNINGTON, Route 2, Salem, Indiana.

"Penny" was with the company from May '42 until he left for home and discharge in Sept. '45. He served as a driver, and his chief outside activity was playing the guitar for our entertainment. Farming was his prewar occupation. He is married and has a daughter.



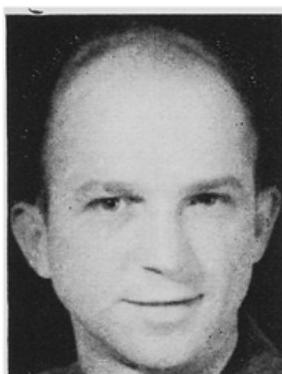
FRANK F. PERLINGER, 240 Johnson St., Buffalo, N.Y.

"Terry" as a civilian had a variety of jobs ranging from machine operator to shoe clerk. A member of the 116th since May '43, he was a radio operator and later instructor in the bar-bell class. His future plans as yet are undecided.



KENNETH H. PETRY, 67 West Hillcrest, Dayton, Ohio.

Ken, a D/F control chief and manager of his section B-League softball team was a member of the 116th since Oct. '42. When he gets back to his wife Betty, he plans to resume his former job with the Ohio Bell Co.



JOHN PILARZ, 1012 Sycamore St., Buffalo, N.Y.

"Yonkel", an employee of Curtiss Aircraft as a civilian, joined the army in April '43, and came to the 116th in October as teletype operator and message center clerk. He starred as catcher for the Varsity and the wire and IB softball teams, and was active in the I & E program.



ANDREW M. PIRRO, 1423 Third Ave., Altoona, Pa.

"Andy" entered the company in February 1943 as an intercept operator. His activities were baseball, swimming, and playing the accordion. A former spare parts sales clerk, he intends to resume that job after his discharge.



GEORGE P. POLIFKA, 5719 South Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Mokie" played for the first section ball team, likes all out-door sports, but likes to play the drums best of all. He entered the 116th in April '43 as a high speed operator. He worked as a machinist in civilian life, but has no post war plans.



FRANK POPOLI, 3512 Laconia Ave., Bronx, N.Y.

Prior to his enlistment, "Lefty" was an addressograph operator. He entered the 116th in October '43 as a high speed operator. Student in the I & E program, he played center field for the first section. He plans to enter business or civil service.



WILLIAM V. RADEL, 148 Hudson Street, Kingston, N.Y.

Bill entered the company back in April 1943 after receiving operator training in Kansas City Radio School. Thirty years old and single, he intends to take up his old occupation of ship's carpenter.



JOHN J. REARDON, 1272 Nelson Ave., Bronx, N.Y.

"Beans" joined the 116th in Sept. '43 as a radio operator. He played basketball and softball on the 2nd. section team. He plans to go into business after discharge, and continue his education in his spare time.



JOHN D. REYNOLDS, 307 Harmony St., Bridgeport, Conn.

25 years old and single, Jack is quite a ping-pong, softball, and tennis player. He entered the army in Dec. '42, joined the 116th in Nov. '43 as an intercept operator. As a civilian Jack worked for General Electric, and upon his release he plans to go back to the same job.

JOSEPH P. RICCI, 161 Adams St., Dorchester, Mass.  
Joe, 22 years old and single, entered the army in Feb. 1943, and came to the 116th the following August as a radio operator. He played a lot of softball with the section team and with the company's varsity.



OLIVER W. RIGGS, R.F.D. 1, Aurora, Indiana.

"Skeets" left his job with Seagram's Distillery in Sept. 1942 to join the army, and became a member of the 116th a month later. His chief duty was that of cook. Hunting, fishing and baseball are his outside interests.

JACK E. ROBINSON, 84 Adams Ave., Evansville, Indiana.

"Jackie" entered the army in Sept. '42, and came to the 116th in October. His chief duties were as lineman and switchboard operator, and he played for his section's B-League ball team. He is single and 25 years old.



JOSEPH T. ROCK, 2811 Hudson Drive, Youngstown, Ohio.

Guitar playing and hillbilly singing "Joe" worked as manager for an Isaly Dairy store and later as an installer-repairman for Western Electric prior to entering the army in Sept. '42. Acting as a lineman, truck driver, and installer-repairman for the unit Joe was transferred to the 135th Sig Rad Int Co in Mar '45.



ROBERT L. ROUNDS, R.D. Nr. 1, Camillus, N.Y.

Bob entered the army in November '42, and joined the 116th in May '43, as a high speed radio operator. He became chief of the first section, and played for their ball team. He plans to resume his interrupted studies in the field of radio engineering.



DALE A. ROUSH, Jeffersonville, Ohio.

Dale, a lineman for the Ohio Bell Co. as a civilian, joined the army in Sept. '42, and came to the 116th a month later. He filled the duties here of assistant wire chief. He is 24 years old and single.



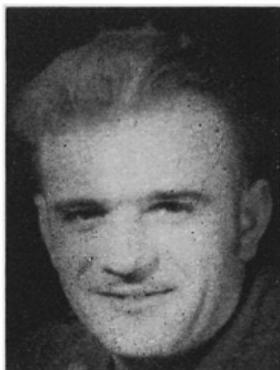
RALPH P. ROYER, Willshire, Ohio.

"Doc" joined the company in October '42 as a high speed radio operator. He made a name for himself on the athletic field as a member of his section's and the company's softball teams. His wife Norma, and daughter Rita Diane await his return.



HOWARD WOODROW RUCKER, Route 1, Catlettsburg, Kentucky.

Woodie joined the 116th in Oct. '42 and worked chiefly as a field D/F operator. His favorite sports are softball, football and volleyball. 24 years old and single, he plans return to his prewar job as a steel worker.



WILLIAM J. SARISKY, 2531 Shirley Rd., Youngstown, Ohio.

Bill became a member of this company in October 1942 and spent most of his time roughing it in the field as a D.F. operator. As a civilian Bill operated an electric crane. He is single and 23 years old.



OLLIE K. SASSER, Fleming Addition, Geneva, Alabama.

Ollie, "the Rebel", entered the service in Sept. '42 and came to the 116th in May '43 as an intercept man. He took an active part in the athletic and I & E program. Married and father of a son, his future plans are undecided.

WILLIAM C. SCHAEFFER, Kingsbury House, Howe, Indiana.

"Schaeef" joined the 116th in October '42, and worked with the teletype, wire and IB sections. He pitched for the '44 wire champions and in '45 for IB, and was a sports writer for the Indicator. His post-war plans are not yet certain.



THOMAS SCHNETZER, 151 South Second St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Schnetz" came to the 116th in Sept. '43 as a radio operator. Radio was his hobby as a civilian—call him at W2LHY. Married and the proud father of a daughter, he plans to enter the small business field.



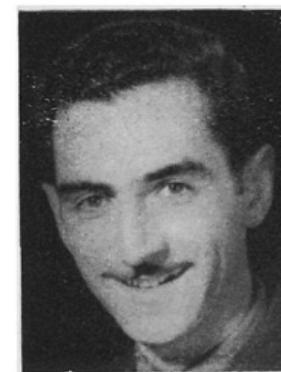
HERBERT SCHULMAN, 400 Christopher Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Herb" left his job as a machine operator to enter the army in Aug. '42 and joined the 116th as an intercept operator in July '43. With Berge Wartman as partner he won the ping-pong doubles championship, and he pitched for Section 3's softball team.



EMERSON M. SCHULTZ, 1110 Liberty St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

"Tiny" entered the army in Sept. '43 and came to the 116th as a driver and courier in April '44. Woodworking is his favorite hobby. He is 34 years old and is married.



LOUIS SEEGER, 716 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

With the company since June '44 as R/T operator and translator, Lou served on the Indicator staff, taught swimming, and took an active part in the I & E program. He is married and is aiming for a career in foreign trade.



JOSEPH A. SEME, 3627 E. 80 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Joe was a millwright before he entered the army in Sept. '42. He came to the 116th a month later, and worked mainly as a field D/F operator. He is 24, single, and has no definite plans yet for the future.



GILBERT M. SHELDON, Milan, Indiana.

"The Chief" entered the army in Sept. '42 and came to the 116th the following month where he served as a driver until he was transferred to the 135th SRI in March '45. As a civilian, he worked for Seagram's Distillery. He is 29, married, and has a daughter.



JOHN G. SHERER, R.R., Burchard, Nebraska.

"Abe" joined the army in Feb. '42 and came to the 116th the following May, where he served as driver and mail orderly. He is 27 years old and married, and was engaged in farming as a civilian.



BENNIE SIGLER, 311½ East 5th. St., Duluth, Minn.

The second section boss, "No Trump" Benny had his own business as a civilian and plans on returning to same when he gets home. He entered the army in Nov. '42 and the 116th in May '43. He was active in all sports and in the I & E program.



BARKIF SIMITIAN, 23—57—19th St., Astoria, L.I. N.Y.

"Bark" before entering the service in Sept. '41, worked as a photoengraver. In May 1942 he joined the 116th as a D/F operator. He played 2nd base for his section's team. Still single, he expects to return to his old job after his discharge.

JAMES E. SIMMONS, 5339 University Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana.

"Jim" started his army career with the 116th and was a member of the 3rd intercept section since it was formed. His favorite pastime is reading, but he also played softball and ping-pong. He is waiting until he gets home to Isabelle and James Michael for their help in deciding future plans.



CECIL L. SIMS, West Lafayette, Ohio.

"George" was assistant production manager at the Moore Enamel Co. before he entered the service in March '42. His chief job with the 116th was as section leader of D/F, he pitched for his section's softball team. He is married, has a daughter, and plans to return to his old job.



RUDOLPH F. SKRAINAR, 1921 Madison St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Rudy entered the army in Oct. '42 and came to the 116th in April '43 as a radio operator. A fine pianist, music was his chief outside interest and activity. He is 27, single, and undecided as to what he will do as a civilian again.



CARL W. SMITH, 3115 Tieman Ave., Evansville, Indiana.

From machine operator to intercept radio operator is the shift Carl made. He came into the company in Oct. '42. His favorite sports are baseball, football, horseshoe pitching and swimming. He is 25 years old, and at present single.



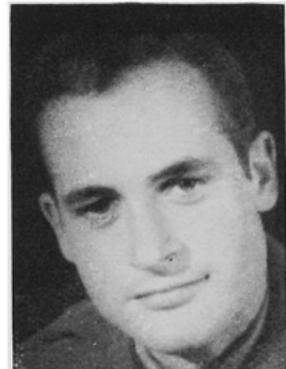
LOWELL G. SMOYER, Fullerton, Nebraska.

Larry is 23 years old and single. He joined the army in Aug. '42 and the 116th in Oct. '43. He served as an intercept operator and as a driver.



ALVA C. SNODGRASS, 130 W. 3rd. St., Florence, Colo.

A member of the 116th since May '43, Al's job was radio interception, quite a change from his civilian occupation as a theatre manager. Photography is his chief outside interest. He is married and plans to go back to his old job when he gets home.



WILLIAM B. SNOW, JR., Hudson View Gardens,  
New York, N.Y.

Bill left Upsala College to enter the army in Feb. '43. With the 116th since Sept. '43, he served as a D/F operator. He is married to a girl he met while he was stationed in France. After the war he plans to continue his studies, working toward a degree in Medicine.



GEORGE M. SOWARDS, Etta, Kentucky.

George, or "Lima" as his fellows in the wire section named him, was with the 116th for all but a couple of weeks of his army career since he entered the service in September '42. As a civilian, he worked in a Michigan shipyard. He is single and 24 years old.



ELMER L. SPORLEDER, Rural Route Nr. 3, Effingham,  
Illinois.

A high speed radio operator, Elmer entered the 116th in April '43. His interests are in sports — swimming, softball, hunting, fishing, basketball and volley ball. After he receives his discharge Elmer plans on returning to his father's farm in Illinois.

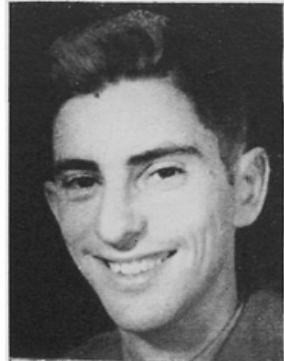


MORRIS E. STARR, Stilesville, Indiana.

"Cookie" was a truck driver as a civilian, and when he entered the 116th in Oct. '42, he went right into driving. He also served as a lineman in the wire section. He is 24 and single.

JOSEPH J. STAVIS, 49 Walnut St., Malden, Mass.

During working hours, an intercept operator, Joe was trombonist in the company orchestra, Inquiring Reporter for the INDICATOR, and first baseman for his section's "B" team. Primarily a musician, he intends to go professional upon discharge.



SAMUEL G. STEELE, 765 Wayne Ave., Indiana, Pa.

After three years in the 116th, Sam left for home in August '45. The father of Margaret and Sammy Jr., a radio repairman and driver in the army, he will resume operation of his own Radio and Refrigeration Service.



JOE J. STEFANIAK, 8472 Commercial Ave., Chicago,  
Illinois.

Joe entered the outfit in April of '43 after completing radio school. A printing press operator as a civilian, he played softball for the fourth section's team. Upon discharge his first plan is to be married.



JOSEPH F. STEMPKY, Byron Street, Cheboygan,  
Michigan.

Joe entered the army in Sept. '42, received training as a radio operator, and joined the 116th in May '43. Twenty-four and single, his hobbies are hunting and fishing; he is undecided about his future occupation.



HAROLD I. STRASSER, R.F.D. 5, Peoria, Illinois.

Harold entered the army in Oct. 1942 and spent just about all of his military career with the 116th. He worked in a packing house as a civilian, and served in the company as a driver in the motor section. He is married and has a son, Wayne.



ELY ALLAN TARPLIN, 6801 19th Avenue, Brooklyn 4, New York.

"Tarp" was a naval architect before he enlisted in the ERC in Sept. '42. After a variety of army jobs, he joined this outfit and the IB platoon in June '44. One of the editors of the INDICATOR, he is a regular on the IB softball team.



MITCHELL W. SZUSTAKOWSKI, 3667 E. 57th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mike entered the army in Sept. '42 and came to the 116th the following month. A core maker as a civilian, he was a driver for the company, and he played softball for the motor section. He is 23 and single.



ALGIE THOMAS, Pikeville, Kentucky.

"The Indian" spent just about all of his army career since Sept. '42 with the 116th. He served as an intercept operator, and was active in all sports, particularly softball and basketball. He says his future as a civilian is doubtful.



OSCAR R. TERRY, R.F.D. 1, Mitchell, Ind.

23 years old, Oscar joined the 116th a month after he entered the army in Sept. '42. A mechanic as a civilian, he served as a driver with the motor section.



WILLIAM T. STRUBLE, 25 Sergeant Street, Johnson City, N.Y.

Traffic Analyst in the company's IB Section, Bill divided his time among his painting, writing, and music. 23 and married, he will resume his education, later to teach French and do some creative writing on the side.

MARTIN B. THORN, 348 South Briant St., Huntington, Indiana.

Marty joined the company in October '42 and worked as an intercept operator and as a driver. He is 24 years old, married, and the father of a son.



JULIUS TIMKO, 426 Alexander Street, Youngstown, Ohio.

A veteran of the 116th since October '42, in England "Red" gave up D/F operations to become company barber. He was also the guiding spirit of this unit's weight-lifting activities. He is 25, married, and the father of young Dorothy.



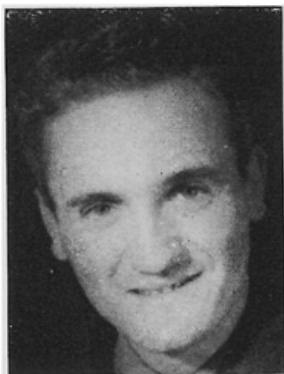
PAUL H. TODD, Route 2, Filer, Idaho.

Paul entered the army in June '42 and came to the 116th in August of that year. He served in the company as an intercept operator. As a civilian, he worked in an aircraft plant. He is 24 years old and single.



JOHN VAN HOOSER, 518 East Olive Street, Staunton, Illinois.

Van, a member of the 116th since November '42, served as an intercept operator and doubled as truck driver. Upon discharge, he plans to return to his wife Doris and to settle down in the family.



PHILIP A. VARRICCHIO, 2347 Atlantic Avenue,  
Brooklyn, New York.

"Phil" entered the service in Oct. '42 and came to the 116th in September 1943 as a radio operator. A member of the 3rd section, he was manager and player for the Intercept softball team. Photography is his favorite hobby.



HARRY H. WACHTEL, 8223 Bay Parkway, Brooklyn,  
New York.

leaving a successful law practice and his wife Suzy for the army in 1943, Harry came to the company in April 1944. His activities ranged from ping-pong to politics. He directed orientations, played softball, wrote for the newspaper and taught a class on the "american scene". For his work as a traffic analyst he was awarded the Bronze Star Medal.



GILBERT E. WALKER, 1291 W. 72nd St.,  
Kansas City, Mo.

Gil entered the army in Oct. '42 and came to the company in May '43. He served as an intercept operator and a driver. 24 years old and married, his civilian occupations were in farming and as a heavy machine operator. His future plans are undecided.



PAUL R. WALKO, 2916 Jean St., Youngstown, Ohio.

"Tojo" spent his whole army career in the 116th since October '42. 23 years old and single, he was a steel worker as a civilian, but has no definite plans for the future. His favorite sports are baseball and swimming.

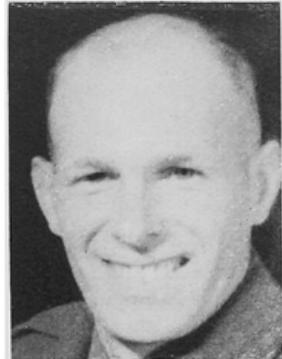


AARON W. WALLACE, Beaver Dam, Kentucky.

"Wade", 25 years old, married, and the father of daughter Patricia Ann, was with the company a month after he joined the army in Sept. 1942. He served as a linesman, a switchboard operator, and played softball with the wire "B" team.

HERBERT G. WALLACE, Shelbyville, Kentucky.

"Herb" was an electrical appliance salesman and repairman before entering the army on Sept. 24, 1942. He became radio repair section chief, and for his service was awarded the Bronze Star Medal. He is 32 and single.



FRANK WARD, Boons Camp, Kentucky.

Frank entered the army Sept. 23, 1942 and the 116th Oct. 11, 1942. He is a linesman in the wire section. He is 24 years old and as yet he has no definite civilian plans.



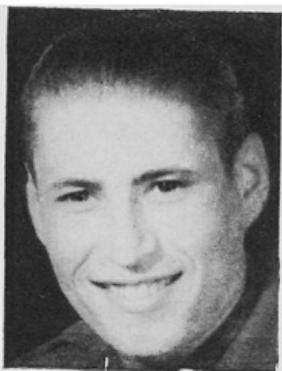
BERGE C. WARTMAN, 801 St. Johns Place,  
Brooklyn, New York.

Berge was active in company sports, winning the doubles ping-pong, playing on the varsity and 3rd Intercept section's softball teams. He joined the 116th at Crowder in April 1943. After discharge he plans to resume his occupation in the field of commercial art.



HAROLD D. WATKINS, 1109 Lyndale Avenue,  
Austin, Minnesota.

"Watty" entered the 116th in April of '43 as an intercept operator. A student in the I & E program, he is 25, unmarried, and upon discharge he plans to take up his old job in the dairy business.



PHILIP J. WEBER, 1240 Sherman Avenue, Bronx,  
New York.

Philip joined the army on March 6th, 1943 and received radio training with the 78th Inf. Div. He became a member of the 116th in Dec. 1943 and worked as a D/F operator. As a civilian Philip was a machinist. He is single and 20 years old.



ALLAN S. WEINBERG, 141-53-72 Crescent, Flushing, New York.

Allan entered the outfit in Aug. '43 and held the job of radio operator with the fourth section. Photography is his hobby. He is 22, single, and upon discharge he plans to return to his father's auto agency.

JULES WEINBERG, 367 Hunterdon Street, Newark 3, New Jersey.

Jules joined the 116th in Sept. 1943 as a radio operator. A basketballplayer, boxer, and drummer by vocation, he is married, and plans to open his own bicycle business upon discharge.



LEON L. WEISS, 2000 Newcomb Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Lee" entered the 116th at Pylewell, as a high speed operator in July 1944. He is single and 23 years old. Owns a food market in civilian life to which he plans to return.



ROBERT E. WEISS, 734 South Curson, Los Angeles, California.

"The Colonel" came to the 116th from the 78th Division in Dec. 1943. He was a student in languages in the I & E and a softball player. Upon his discharge hopes to return to Los Angeles where he will go into business for himself.



RALPH M. WENDEL, R.R. Nr. 4, Van Wert, Ohio.

Ralph spent most of his army career with the 116th as a D/F operator and section leader in the field. Before the army beckoned in Sept. 1942 he was a general contractor but found time to race his horses. He is 35 years old and married.

HARRY V. WERNEKEN, Box 14 Palmers Island,  
Old Greenwich, Conn.

Harry was a manager and buyer for R.H. Macy as a civilian. With the 116th since April '43, he worked as an intercept man, and in Scheyern he managed the Bar Charlie Club. He is married, has a daughter and hopes to go into business for himself upon discharge.



ROBERT W. WHITEHOUSE, R.F.D. Nr. 1,  
Monticello, Ill.

Bob came to the company in Nov. '42 and worked at varied times in the intercept, administration, tele-type, wire, and motor sections. 24 years old and single, he plans to return to his civilian occupation of farming.



BENJAMIN G. WHITTEN, 110 Berkeley Way,  
Whittier, California.

Ben, a librarian at Whittier College as a civilian, was a cryptanalyst in the IB section. He conducted a French course in the I & E program. He is 38, married, has a son, and intends to resume his old occupation after discharge.



RALPH M. WILK, 1633 East 70 Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Ralph, an intercept operator with the company since Oct. 1942, was an able softball player for the 1st section's and company's teams, and was also elected a member of the EM council. He is 24 years old and as yet unmarried.



LAWRENCE FREDERICK WILLIAMS, 235 East Main St.,  
Newark, Ohio.

"Shorty" entered the army in Sept. '42 and joined the 116th the next month. He served in the company chiefly as a field D/F operator. 32 years old, he is married, and is not certain of what he will do after he receives his discharge.



ROBERT G. WILLIAMS, 10210 Kinsman Road,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

"Woody", primarily the mail clerk, held a variety of positions from the time he entered the unit in Oct. '42. An infielder on the Administration ten he is 24 years old, single, and still uncertain about future plans.



KENNETH E. WINDERS, Route 1, Repton, Kentucky.

Sparky, our guitar playing cook and driver entered the 116th October 11, 1942. His extra activities include music and softball. An auto mechanic as a civilian, he is 24, and married.



WILLIAM F. YAEGER, Le Sueur, Minnesota.

Bill has been a truck driver since he joined the company May 18, 1942. Prior to enlisting in March '42, he worked on the railroad and plans on returning to the same work after leaving the service.



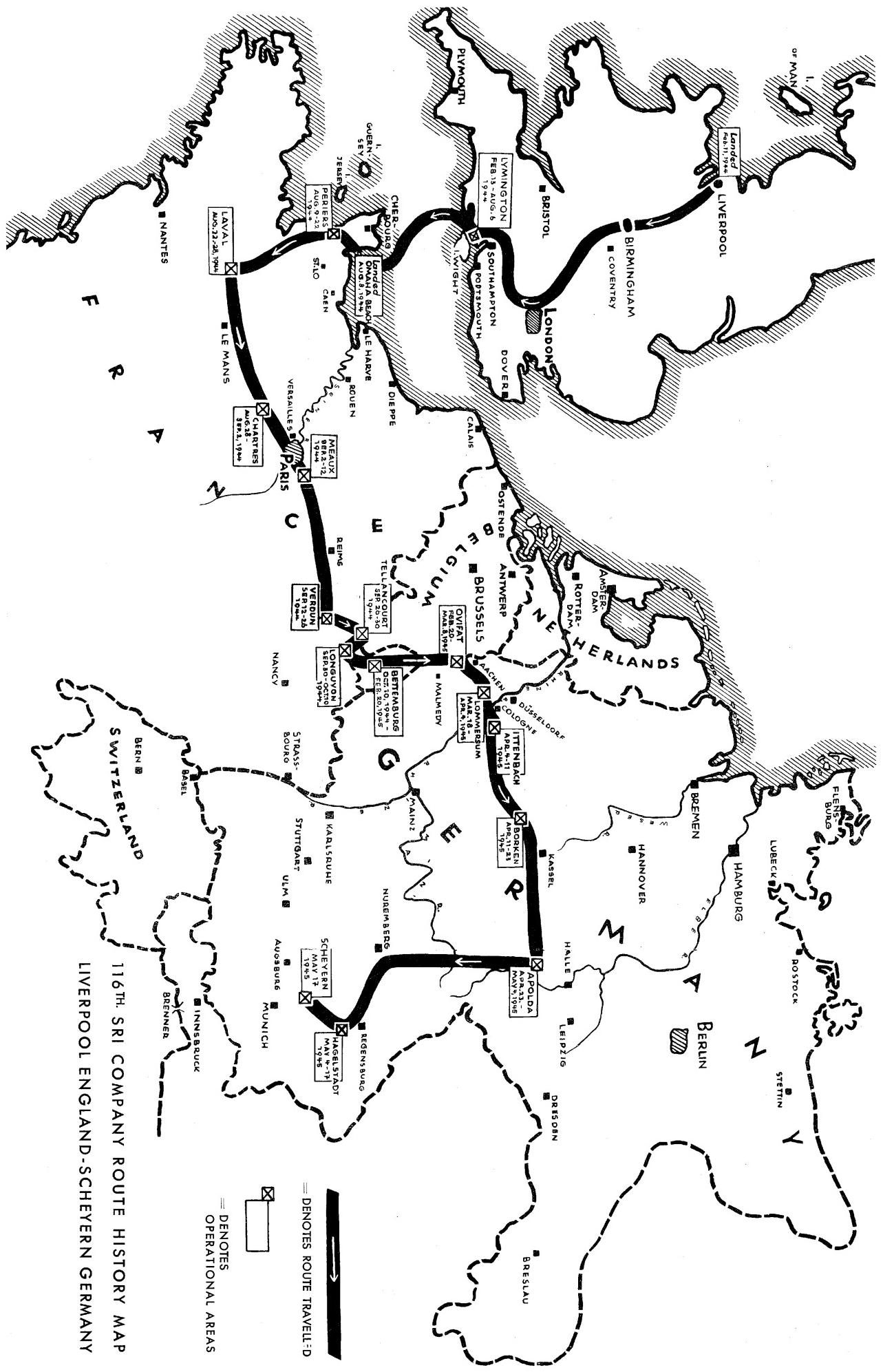
JULIUS J. ZACKER, 4239 Cortez St., Chicago, Ill.

"Judy" was one of the original members of the 116th, his service with the company beginning in May '42. He served with the motor section, and played softball for the company and motor pool teams. He intends to resume his old occupation of machinist.



THOMAS E. ZUBER, R.R. Nr. 2, Portland, Ind.

Tom worked with the Bell Co. before he entered the army in Oct. '42, and has been with the 116th since then, as an intercept operator. His outside interests were in softball and weight lifting.



LIVERPOOL ENGLAND-SCHWEYERN GERMANY  
116TH. SRI COMPANY ROUTE HISTORY MAP



## FOUR STAR FINAL

The story of the 116<sup>th</sup> Signal Radio Intelligence Company  
from Camp Crowder, Missouri, to Scheyern, Germany



THE FIRST DAYS - AREA 19



BASIC AT SHANTYTOWN

It was on a Saturday afternoon, May 16, 1942, that the cadre for the 116th left the 125th R.I. Co. at Fort Lewis, Washington, to proceed to Camp Crowder, Mo. where the new company was to be formed. Ten of them went by train under G. I. guidance while the remaining four and 1st Lt. Barley took the more devious and leisurely route of "private conveyance". Prior to leaving, the usual sweating out of orders had ensued. When they finally did come thru they were a day late so that no one could reach Crowder until the 19th, although activation was officially set for the 18th. No one worried about that however. Getting started was most welcome, not that life in the 125th had been so unpleasant as the fact that overnite passes and furloughs had been non-existent on the west coast ever since Pearl Harbor. A release from all that was a pleasant thought. Besides that most of the fellows would be a couple of thousand miles nearer home at Crowder than they were at Lewis.

The train ride was enjoyable and its highlight occurred in Denver where Mohn generously hocked his beautiful new seventy dollar camera for ten dollars in order that the four hour layover there might be spent pleasantly by all in some of Denver's many gin mills. It was four months or more before Mohn ever got his camera back. The "Southern Belle", boarded at Kansas City was the most luxurious part of the journey with a bar and soft easy chairs in its observation car. At McElhany disembarkation took place and the first few days were spent with the CASC unit down in Area 1 until Lt. Barley arrived to take care of getting the men moved up to a permanent home.

Crowder was only six months old then. Although most of the buildings were completed a great many of the roads were not. This made it a muddy place when it rained, dusty when it didn't. For those first few months the sound of steam rollers and graders and the smell of hot tar were as much a part of life there as the burning Missouri sun which beat down mercilessly throughout the summer months.

When the cadre first arrived, there were four men already assigned to the company, Pennington, Yates, Yaeger, and T/Sgt. Kirkley. This swelled

the enlisted strength to a total of eighteen. It was to these eighteen that the task of cleaning and equipping the three brand new two story barracks and mess hall in area 19 fell. It is only fair to add that a lot of the cleaning such as windows, sinks and fire rooms was left for the sixty-six men who arrived at the end of May. It was no small job hauling, unwrapping, and setting up beds, mattresses, dishes, plates, silverware and all the other essentials of garrison life for a company. Everyone pitched in (and got damn tired out by the time they were finished) to get things in readiness for the two hundred or so men who were expected almost momentarily, most of whom did not arrive for a long, long time after that. Colonel Black, who was commander of 2nd Army troops in Crowder for the first month of the 116th's life, paid a visit one day to see how things were shaping up. He divulged the information that the 116th was expected to be fully trained and ready for overseas duty within seventy-seven days after activation. This was a most startling bit of news at the time. Despite results he wasn't kidding.

Between May 27 and June 3, sixty-six men arrived from the SCRTC at Crowder, which made it look a little more like a company. These men had obviously been under very strict discipline over there and were exceedingly well behaved. From their description SCRTC sounded about like Dachau except that the food was better and there were no gas chambers. Anyway, they impressed the cadre as a model bunch of soldiers compared to what had been expected. Captain Paul F. Corbett became Company Commander on June 6, a position he held until August 4, when he was transferred as a Major to 2nd Army Headquarters at Crowder. Captain Corbett was already known to the fellows from Fort Lewis, however, since the previous year he had commanded the 102nd R.I., an outfit with which the 125th had worked during a maneuver out in Washington.

On the first payday following the army's general pay raise in June 1942 the captain gave the company an enlightening speech to the effect that fifty dollars was quite a lot of money compared to the twenty-one and

CHAT DETAIL



SHANTYTOWN MUD



CHRISTMAS, 1942



thirty dollars a month to which most of the fellows were accustomed. He cautioned against foolish squandering of this new prosperity.

That June a typical day in the 116th consisted of calisthenics and drill for an hour or so at the start of the day, and the rest of it spent on detail. Room orderlies mopped the barracks at noon as in the morning, by the way. The detail consisted of landscaping and beautifying the new and virgin company area. This meant wielding picks, shovels, and rakes continuously, hauling rocks to line walks, hauling dirt to level off the ground, and hauling chat for the walks themselves. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were reserved for athletics which consisted of softball or a swimming trip to a pool at Carthage. The ball team had a very good season, beating all the other R. I. outfits in the vicinity and losing only one game to some battalion on the post. Opoka was the pitching mainstay. M/Sgt. Cagle, Maresh, and a few others worked to build desks and furniture for the orderly room and day room, and then code tables for a code room. Every night there was retreat, and though small in size the platoons looked very sharp standing out in that blazing sun in starched suntans, which invariably wilted by the time it was over. Promotions called for the presentation of warrants of the new grade in little ceremonies before retreat when those occasions arose. One of the blessings of this era was the first coke machine which provided many, many pauses that refreshed.

After the new men had been in the company for a few weeks, three day passes were made available to deserving men. Coming back late from one of those meant marching with a full pack, around the company area for two or three hours nightly for a week, to discourage others from committing similar crimes, as well as to punish the culprit. That was no fun on those hot nights. Joplin, Neosho, Carthage, the PX, and Pittsburg, Kansas were the most popular places for recreation on evenings and weekends. The place varied depending upon what one wanted to do, and how much time one had to do it. Due to the few men in the company, K.P. and guard used to come around about every three days. That was rough. It was during June that cadres for the 113.h, 114th and 115th arrived at Crowder. Each of them stayed with the 116th until they were able to get their own establishments set up. This made the 116th feel rather maternal, but also made a lot of extra work in the mess hall and barrack where they stayed.

THE FIRST BIVOUAC



FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.



As the appearance of the area improved, detail work was cut down some and a refresher course in basic training instituted for a couple of weeks. Then in July most of the personnel started attending code school over at the SCRTC, which consumed most of the day, with M/Sgt Cagle teaching procedure for an hour at the company. Also in July, Bill Alvany, Mickey Lindeman, and Bill Mook left for OCS at Monmouth. Downer and Mohn became 1st Sergeant and Supply Sergeant, respectively. Lt. Thale of the 114th was attached to the company, since the 114th had beaucoup officers compared to the 116th. He was made motor officer.

In August, despite lack of men and equipment, persistent rumors had the 116th earmarked for maneuvers in September. They actually reached reality to the extent of being alerted for a few days, but finally it was called off, a very wise move on someone's part. During that alert no one could leave the post. O'Rourke, who had been living in town all along, set fire to his bunk during one of those infrequent night stays in camp. The sight of him trying to extinguish a burning mattress by pouring a canteen on it was as amusing as it was ineffective. After being doused under a shower, that mattress, not O'Rourke, was still smouldering the next day. August closed in a blaze of glory when Mohn overturned a jeep on one of the back Crowder roads putting Vincent in the hospital for a couple of days, but the next day, Sept. 1, Mohn was promoted to S/Sgt.

Early in Sept. the company moved up to the tar paper barracks in area 21, known as "Shantytown". While those were being built everyone thought those buildings were housing for the pigeons of a pigeon company. It was a great surprise to discover that they were to be the new home of the 116th, and after those nice comfortable barracks down in the main part of camp, too.

Moving was a lot of work, as it always is, and once again there were new buildings to be cleaned and put in order. The area itself was a regular mudhole so the rest of the month was spent hauling gravel, lining a driveway and walks with rocks, and eventually spreading chat over the whole thing. A conservative estimate of the number of truckloads of gravel hauled would reach up into the hundreds, and although it was loaded by a power shovel, all of the unloading was by hand. As for the chat, used as the finished surface, the company was allowed something like ten or twenty loads (it was hauled into camp by private contractors), but various members of the outfit successfully led about fifty more loads astray to our area; which was all right until M/Sgt Barron chiseled a load for which a major was waiting. The result was a big stink raised about the questionable methods the 116th used to acquire all the chat. No more chat was delivered to the 116th, and they came near having to scrape up and return all that had been stolen. Life in Shantytown was quite a bit rougher than in the other barracks due to the detached latrine, stoves instead of central heating,

and the less weatherproof construction in general, but after awhile it became quite homelike. Around the middle of the month Lt. Brownchweig joined the outfit from the 179th Sig Rep Co at Crowder. At the end of the month a large group of officers arrived fresh from OCS at Monmouth: Lts. Anderson, Beiswanger, Cowan, Henning, White, and Wilson, so now all that was needed were some men to make a company. Simitian left for Engineer OCS at Fort Belvoir during September. Lt. Thale returned to the 114th, who were now next door neighbors. In October the code men started attending the Central Signal Corps School on the post, and their education there lasted until the big bunch of men arrived on October 11.

It was on a hot sultry day, typical of Missouri, that the new bunch of rookies arrived at Neosho, Missouri, and impatiently awaited transportation to Camp Crowder. They had no idea of their destination. Trucks finally arrived. The men clambered aboard, barracks bags and all.

As they passed through Crowder's gates the two storied barracks certainly looked good. The first impression was that being here at Camp Crowder was not going to be a bad deal. Trucks did not stop, and the greatest question was "Where are we going?" That question was not very long lived for the vehicles finally stopped in front of some tar paper shacks in "Shanty Town", the home of the 116th. None of the new men knew of the labor that the cadre had previously put into the area to make it look presentable, but in the very near future they were to find out for themselves that all was not going to be "peaches and cream".

Some of the men moved into barracks that were already partially occupied, but the "seventh" was filled exclusively with new men. The only exception was Tec 5 Childs who was supposed to have been in charge, but could never be found when an inspection was due. The rookies soon discovered that Pfc's and Tec 5's were most important. A Tec 5 had to be called corporal. These one and two stripers were for some time given special privileges, for example, they "bucked the chow lines". Most impressive was Hervey Gardenhier's first orientation words, "Men, I've been considered the best dressed soldier in Camp Crowder".

1st Sgt Henry Ambrose Downter introduced himself to the rookies the first day in camp with a lusty, ear-shattering voice. "I want some N.C.O.s here on the double". Ah yes, he was a typical 1st Sgt, complete with side-burns and unforgiving memory.

The majority of the men took basic very seriously. Many of the lessons learned now would be very useful and helpful in the future. Reveille every morning at 5:55 A.M., and retreat at 6:00 P.M. became routine. The program between reveille and retreat for those first few weeks was so full there was scarcely time for "those little things everyone ought to do." There were classes in first aid, military courtesy, map reading, and many other monotonous subjects. Of course, calisthenics and drill were a regular army rou-

tine and could not be dispensed with. To complete the obstacle course in required time a man had to be a combination All-American halfback and Ringling Brothers acrobat. After a conditioning day of basic the men relaxed on their bunks, others went to the movies or made tracks toward that 3.2 beer at P.X. 17. Of course there were always those conscientious letters to "Dear Mom" or "Dearest".

The first night hike will always be remembered, although there were to be hikes of a more gruelling nature. This particular hike was undertaken with austere M/Sgt Vincent in charge. The Missouri sky was clear as they sang and trudged through the red Missouri mud, never realizing they were walking in circles. As the night wore on it became apparent that M/Sgt Vincent didn't know either. After a couple more hours of mud and water a tired and dreary company of men finally discovered Shanty Town. Yes, it was a most depressing and disgusting night.

Taught the nomenclature of the Springfield '03 rifle in the early weeks of basic, each man was issued his piece. These rifles got more attention than Lana Turner in a sweater. Friday evening meant, "prepare for inspection", with barracks to scrub, windows to wash, buttons to polish, rifles to clean, etc. on into the night. A speck of dust meant a gig, a certainty that it would be "restricted and confined to the area for the week-end", or maybe "Sunday fireman".

Basic training was concluded with a tough week of bivouac. It was a good test of endurance and basic book learning. Of the original 250 men who started out on Monday morning only 84 completed the entire week. The second day certainly was rough for after returning to the company for overcoats and pay, it was out again for another 14 miles. Twenty-five miles were covered that day. The bivouac area was reached at approximately 9:00 P. M. and an exhausted, completely worn out group of men just fell to the ground not caring whether or not they put up their pup tents. Finally the men summoned enough strength to pitch their tents and collapse in them, when suddenly the blustering First Sgt boomed out, "Mail call". "We do not want our mail tonight", was their response. In the history of the army that was the first time guys didn't respond to the magic "mail call".

After completing basic the men were enrolled in Midwestern Signal Corps School to learn International Morse code. Quite a few, lacking the aptitude, eventually were dropped. Regardless of that, there were many other important duties to be performed; for drivers, cooks, teletype men, wiremen and radio repair men were needed also. Each man fitted into one of the categories.

The night school inaugurated at SCRTC was no fun, for the only free time was one and one-half hours each day, which time was usually spent in writing letters home. There were not even the wanton pleasures of a PX or a movie, as nothing was open in the only morning hour free of hikes, inspections, and obstacle courses.

In the meantime, passes to Neosho and Joplin were available. The men took advantage of them on weekends. Joplin's famed "Silverdollar" cafe was the mainstay, and Flaherty usually taunted the waitresses with his "dollar three eighty".

After the course at Midwestern Signal Corps School was completed, the Company set up its own code school in one of the empty barracks for further code training. Code training never ended.

By now it was spring and Lt. General Ben (Yoo Hoo) Lear, Commander of the U. S. Second Army visited Camp Crowder. Second Army Special troops passed in review and were inspected by the general. 116th came through with top honors. General Lear later stated that the "116th was the best looking outfit on the parade grounds". The men consoled themselves with this byword, "Even if we can't do anything else, we can sure parade."

There was one man in the outfit who always managed to get out of details, especially when they fell on Sundays. "Fats" MacFarland always had an excuse ready which would relieve him of guard or K. P. This was not typical of most. Outside of a little "griping" the majority took their duties in stride.

It was soon noticeable that, in spite of the fact that Haglund was convinced that the 116th would never go overseas, the outfit was beginning to shape up for overseas duty. Hikes became more rigorous, and the technical training of the men advanced rapidly. The infiltration course came up on Good Friday, and each man was required to crawl one hundred yards (on his stomach) while machine gun bullets whizzed over his head too closely for comfort. To make it more difficult, the course was marked with barbed wire barriers and land mines that exploded occasionally, but consisted only of small charges in order that no one would get hurt. The marksmanship improved with each succeeding visit to the range. In spite of all this combat training, technical skill was still emphasized as being the more important. Code and radio training continued along with the more rigorous routine.

Lt. Henning initiated a day room project. Each man was asked to contribute one dollar. Most of the fellows were enthusiastic about the idea. After the day-room was completed and the pool table installed they discovered that they would still continue to contribute, for each game of pool cost five cents. That soon added up. Deal, Canterbury, Hamrick, Collier, New and a few others soon discovered the fact that you had to be careful about dropping cigarette butts on the floor of the day-room, for "tough hockey" Downer selected them as "volunteers" to arise at 5:00 A. M. every morning for a week to clean up the room. Oh well, it was a lot of fun, regardless.

The 34th Signal Construction Bn. was activated, and the 116th was called upon to send a cadre to the new outfit. The majority of the men selected for

the cadre were not too anxious to go. By that time they were pretty attached to the 116th.

From time to time the Company had more new arrivals, and Al Noullet was often called upon to give the late-comers their basic training. Al cheerfully performed the task assigned him, for he had already received his basic three times.

In April of 1943 the Company went to the Ozarks on a bivouac of a week's duration. Pitching pup-tents on the side of a hill was no pleasure, but rolling out of it was too much. Capt. Barley decided, (without first consulting Schaeffer, Romanko, Edleman, Walko, Flaherty and a few others), to make a night move on Wednesday instead of the intended Thursday. Moving on Wednesday without any light caught these fellows flat-footed for they had moved, but someone was there waiting for them. The following day Capt. Barley delivered his famous "whiskey speech" to the group, and concluded the talk with the smashing of a good full pint of Seagrams 7-Crown. "Don't light a match", he remarked, "it will explode". Before returning to Crowder the company was asked to parade in Fayetteville on behalf of a war bond drive. The parade was a great success, as the men, dirty and unshaved from a week in the field, toted those 30 cal. Springfield rifles through the city streets. One naive spectator was heard to remark, "Look, they've got guns!" In spite of the fact that this Arkansas bivouac was a tactical problem many of the men enjoyed it; who wouldn't with no reveille or retreat.

Upon the return to Camp Crowder a new contingent of men from civilian schools in Los Angeles and Kansas City was assigned to the unit. This brought the 116th to full strength again. Technical and combat training continued regardless of the fact that these new men were supposed to be high speed radio operators. There was the famous "MPT" test climaxed by a three hour forced march with full field equipment. It was rough, as the men selected to make the test can testify.

Then came the day that everyone had been expecting. The company was alerted and preparations were immediately under way. Capt. Barley finally answered the consistent, "Where are we going?" He announced Ft. DuPont, Delaware as our destination. The company was scheduled to arrive by May 15th, 1943. Preparations went on and everyone did his share of work. Finally all of the vehicles were loaded on flat cars, but "wait" orders came through stating that certain vehicles were to remain in Crowder. All the work of load-

ORGANIZATION DAY—FORT DU PONT



3 DAY PASS



ing trucks had been in vain, for they had to be unloaded and then reloaded again. On the morning of May 9th, the company embarked. The Army generously assigned the men to Pullmans. Yes, there were many regrets at leaving Crowder for many of the men had their wives with them, living in near-by Neosho or Joplin.

The train was moving slowly backwards down the track and, a very common sight at this time, soldiers were hanging out of all the windows. The best Uncle Sam had, they thought, having just completed basic and infantry training. It was the 116th moving in on Ft. DuPont. Everyone had his doubts as to where he was going, because looking out on both sides of the train all that he could see were swamps and wasteland. Delaware City, the home of Ft. DuPont, was finally reached and what a jolt the boys got—just a very small village with water all around it. Surely this couldn't be a P.O.E. It wasn't. Soon every one was unloaded, allowed to stretch a little, and then marched out through the village to the fort, a very impressive sight not unlike a college campus.

The company's new area was something different and consisted of five two-story barracks, a mess hall, dayroom, and an orderly room. Before the 116th's arrival an M. P. outfit was quartered here and had oiled the floors of every building in the area. This was meat for first sergeant Henry Downer's army brain, and he soon made it known that this oil had to come off. Off it came:

After a week long campaign of scrubbing and policing, things soon began to come up to 116th standard and, even though the unit was out of Second Army and into the Thirteenth Corps, inspections had to be stood. The area was kept spotless, intensified training resumed, and still another revised edition of basic was introduced.

Following that first hectic week the boys began to get around a little. First it was the fort itself, not more than a mile square and boasting everything a G. I. dreams of, an excellent P. X. where anything from a Signal Corps pin or bracelet to a complete uniform could be bought. Ice cream was all over the place, that is until big Dan Hamrick began digging into their reserves; and if Henry Mackeben was followed, the P.X. bar loomed up, specializing in good 3.2 beer on tap.

Full of ice cream and pockets bulging with souvenirs the boys turned next to the theatre. Making a right turn and presenting twelve cents at the box office he found the best shows and seats available in the country, seven days a week. Of course, the first four rows of seats were for the officers and upper threes. It was here that Oliver "Mable" McEachern took out through the wrong door and ploughed into the wife of Post Commander Colonel Rulen. Things began popping all around as the Colonel called over two giant M. P.s to handle poor Mabel. They couldn't pin a thing on him so in desperation "Mac"

was asked for his dog tags, which he produced from his pocket! Well, they took him to the guard house, booked for not wearing his identification tags. Lt. Brownchweig came down and bailed him out, uttering his famous, "What, you again?"

The N.C.O.s soon found their club, a spacious lay-out back of the P.X. The only requirements to this secluded haven were more than a P.F.C.'s stripes as well as the necessary two bucks for the key to the door. 116th P.F.C.s and Privates caught on fast and were soon wearing all sorts of stripes, thus beating the rank blockade and strolling boldly through the guarded door into the non-coms' inner-sanctum.

May 18th was activation day, and called for a gala celebration at a private resort along the Delaware river. The day was really great. For once the men were able to talk to an officer without being on the receiving end of a direct order. A large cake was produced at noon chow with Captain Barley presiding. Fishing and swimming took up the day, but when Bob Mohn and Tom Cantwell threw Gilbert Walker, a life guard, in the drink and ruined his wrist watch, things were called to a halt, and everybody retired to a shade tree to join Judy Zacker in cleaning up the rest of the beer.

Lt. Brownchweig had assumed command early in June upon Captain Barley's departure for advanced officers training and soon initiated a six-week basic course. By now the men were ready for advanced training in the technical work of the company, so a code school was set up and a summer's long march from the area to school was started. Lt. White was in charge and again promised everyone who passed 25 words per minute a Tec 5. Plenty of hard work and bucking followed. That extra sixteen bucks looked pretty big in this very active east coast. Men were promoted and busted, and as the new men kept pouring in with all kinds of rank, the old T/O got top heavy and the axe fell. Stan Blama came through with his famous remark as he advanced on the bulletin board, "Wonder who made private today?" Harry Werneken and Howard Launer set up field nets for advanced training and thought they were doing a splendid job, until Lt. White visited class one day and asked if the men knew Army serial number for each and every part of the transmitting and receiving sets. It seems that came first, and learning to use it second. Harry played golf every afternoon from that day.

Intercept and D/F weren't the only ones getting the advanced work. Wire and motor pool were on the go all day, mostly out away from the company area. Wire got a pole line construction job from the post and set up a line along the canal starting from the St. George bridge.

Hikes reared their ugly heads every Wednesday afternoon, the most infamous of these being the "no water hike" with Lt. White, carrying no pack and no gun, leading the unit on a very hot and tiresome jaunt. Upon the return he poured a full canteen of water out on the ground in front of the entire formation. The next day twenty G.I.s resigned their intentions as thirty-year men.

Every Saturday brought the usual inspections, still as tough as Crowder and always there was the old "cosmolene in the extractor". Saturday at 4 :30 P. M. became the high spot of the entire week; week-end passes started. Of course there were always those who had lost shooting craps in the furnace room during a police call, and these unfortunate few together with the gigged men sweated out the week-end in camp away from places like Wilmington, Philadelphia, Washington and even Delaware City. Tex Fellers pulled almost the slickest trick yet, when, without a pass, he jumped the fence and after spending a most enjoyable evening was picked up out of uniform at the gate by the M.P.s. Apparently "Hayden" couldn't quite make the fence on his return and had to buck the main entrance.

Furloughs began coming through and if Downer could be induced to take the request into the "old man", fifteen days came out on a beautiful white furlough form number 34.

In August after everyone had returned from furloughs, the company was alerted for "range firing" at Ft. George Meade, Maryland. The trip was very uneventful as most army trips are. However, there was one little mishap. Baker New, driving a weapons carrier, got lost in a cloud of dust and rammed the end of a trailer. There were no injuries, and "Bake" continued with the convoy.

Arriving at Meade, tents sprung up all over the bivouac area, and the company was ready to bed down for the night.

Early the following morning, 5 A. M. to be exact, the unit was aroused by the ear-piercing blasts of first sergeant Downer's rebel rousing whistle! Anguished groans, moans, and curses rebelled at this, but fearing the wrath and lashing tongue of "Henry Ambrose", the entire company was soon in reveille formation. Men were assigned to details, the firing roster was given, and soon the bivouac area was a bee-hive of activity. Firing the '03 proved to be quite an ordeal for the fellows, as swollen jaws and aching shoulders testified. It was here, Meade, that John DeTate, hearing the preparatory command "ready on the right" jumped the gun, but literally! Being on the right and being ready too, John decided not to waste any more time, and so he proceeded to blaze away at the target. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and only John's ego was punctured. Firing records were made and broken at Ft. Meade. Here members of the 116th developed quite a pride in the excellent marksmanship of Lt. Cowan. A lot of bulls eyes that appeared in "Doc's" target were claimed by Lt. Henning, who fired in the position next to him. He mistakedly was firing at the wrong target. It was all in fun, and Lt. Henning did manage to hit the target once or twice. During one of these days at Meade, Downer called a meeting of all men above the rank of Tec 5. Benny Sigler made the mistake of not using Downer's rank when addressing him. The first soldier then burst in on poor Benjamin and literally "tore him apart", verbally. How that man could dress a soldier down! Things, no matter how bad or good have to end sometime, and after everyone had qualified, the company headed back DuPont way into a

tough rifle inspection. Too many were gigged but those few with a decent gun were given three-day passes for being "on the ball".

As the summer grew older and hotter, mosquitoes invaded the premises. Mosquito bars and nets were brought into use. The men had to be genuises to put them up, let alone know the one certain way they had to be rolled in the mornings. The mosquito stories made the rounds, and got bigger as the pesky things grew thicker. One had it that they were mistaken for P-38s and many gallons of gasoline were lost at the New Castle air base in fueling them.

Probably just as much a nuisance as the mosquitoes were the practice air raids and blackouts. These were held all up and down the east coast, and after causing one to fall out of bed or leave in the middle of a good movie several times every week, these mock raids became the most dreaded part of any twenty four hours.

As the men became more proficient in their specialized training, several missions were sent out from the company. The first one went to Ft. Dix in June 1943.

A detachment of 68 men under the command of Lt. Wilson was sent to the 4th Motorized Division at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Later this was reorganized and is now known as the 4th Infantry Division. The men were assigned to an M. P. battalion for quarters and rations.

This detachment included radio and D/F operators, control men, plotters, wire men and truck drivers with M/Sgts Cagle and Vincent in charge. The main purpose was to monitor the divisional nets and check them for their security and efficiency, but it also gave the men very good training for their future work.

The first week included a three day maneuver of the entire division and covered most of eastern New Jersey. On the last day the division was taken to Stone Harbor, one of New Jersey's famous resorts. Eighteen miles of beautiful beach were reserved for them — no girls — but everyone had a good time bathing in the surf and sunning on the sand.

At this time Lt. White replaced Lt. Wilson who left for further training in administrative work at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. The remainder of the time spent at Fort Dix was mostly routine, intercepting the division nets, turning in reports to the chief signal officer, thus making their operators more efficient and aware of signal security.

After several dry runs the detachment finally headed back to DuPont and the rest of the company. All agreed that the six weeks had been a pleasant change from company routine and much experience had been gained from this profitable and interesting mission.

Back in the company the men who didn't go on the mission still went to code school and carried out the unit's duties. Also there was prisoner guard to be pulled at the post guard house. The men felt, after viewing the meals there, that being a prisoner wasn't so bad after all. One consolation, they

wouldn't have to listen to Harry Kinker's famous whistle blowing or John Meyer's piping out with, "Now listen youse guys". The food was good at Du Pont. Steaks were plentiful until the plague of a dietician's nightmare, spinach and beans, came in vogue. However, if the chow didn't suit, there was always the post restaurant, where food was plentiful and good. To get back to the mess hall again; the slave drivers around the company began giggling left and right and for the most insignificant things. Of course, there was a motive in their madness, getting the inside of the chow house painted. Here Stan Blama, Floyd Del Bello, Clayton Dunkle, and Woodie Williams really proved themselves, and soon were presented with master painter's degrees.

By now the old '03 was a real friend to the guys, and they knew it as well as any expert. So what does the Army do but call them all in and issue the new Carbine. This, of course, could happen only on a Friday night. The men worked till the wee-hours getting the oil, grease, and cosmoline off. Tomorrow was Saturday with the inevitable inspection.

The range called again. The outfit headed for Ft. Dix. Now we had to fire the new weapons. It was a pleasure to fire this piece — no kick and no sore shoulders. Everyone qualified in record time and headed back home with Lt. Lakin in the lead. He got lost and the company was strung out somewhere between Philadelphia and Wilmington. Some even claimed to have crossed the Delaware River four times.

Upon the return another mission was undertaken, and the party this time headed for Elkins, West Virginia.

Arriving at Elkins on the 13th of August, the 116th's mission led by Lt. Scholnek and eight men, set up on Bickle Knob in the Monongahela National Forest. Their mission was to monitor the nets of certain units on maneuvers. Having successfully completed this the group returned to DuPont on the 30th day of August.

There was high praise for the work put out during the first mission. The Company was called once more, and this time Mr. Cagle and eight men set off again for Elkins and the West Virginia Maneuver Area. They monitored nets of the 77th and 31st Divisions, staying away from the Company till November 20th.

In this same August the 116th was invited by the city of Newark, Del. to participate in a large bond rally. Of course the outfit was on hand, strutting its stuff and showing the crowd what a well drilled and disciplined company looked like. There was a dance afterward with Lt. Brownchweig taking over the piano and Sam Tilzer giving out with the vocals. Every tavern in town was jammed, that is until "Blackie" got the 116th kicked out of a couple with his infamous songs and quips.

Around the first week of September 1943, eight men with Lt. Lakin in charge were sent 400 miles via 2½ to Pine Camp, New York on a mission to monitor the 5th Armored Div.

The detachment was billeted with the 145th Armored Signal Co. after having spent a rollicking night en route in Ithaca, New York. The operations paralleled exactly the work with the 4th Division. S/Sgt. "Buck" Mount's speech before the citizens at Sunbury, Penn. highlighted the trip back to DuPont after the ten days at Pine Camp.

This perfect set-up just couldn't go on forever and the 116th began to turn its eyes across the Atlantic and yearn for a chance to test the things that had been learned. Still the next move didn't carry the organization to a P. O. E., but it was really the first step on the way. An overseas physical was given and if anyone was able to walk in and out of the dispensary, the "Doc" stamped "OK" for combat.

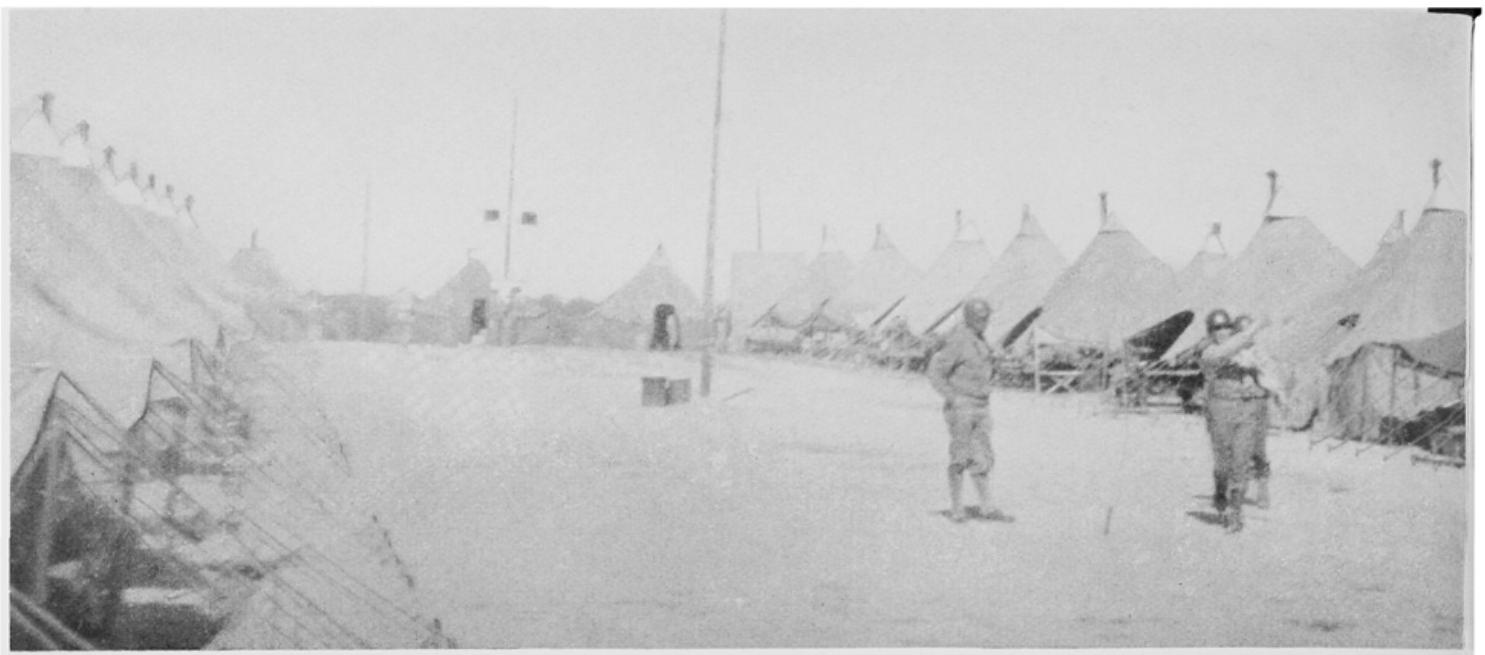
Perhaps that final morning at DuPont when the unit was preparing to pull out for A. P. Hill, came the most well remembered of all Downer's sayings. He stood haughtily before the formation and bellowed, "Come on you micro-minded-morons, snap hockey!" No one shook from fear that day. The fellows were catching on.

So, five months of paradise were over and the company was on its way again. There were lots of regrets, more perhaps than when leaving any other spot. No memories of army life will live longer than the ones gained in Delaware.

On the 4th of October, 1943 around 1800 hours the 116th pulled into a sandy open Virginia hill. This was their new home for better or for worse. For a few days it proved to be the latter. At night one shivered and shook in a pup tent, and during the day sweated at setting up six man pyramidal tents. But very soon due to the ingenuity of the men and the persistent threatening requests of 1st Sgt. Downer, a bleak barren hill blossomed complete with street lights.

The tents provided considerable amusement but more grief. For example, after the sides were rolled for ventilation there was sand to pour out of the rifle barrel. These tents leaked wind and rain all the time. Of course when it got really cold, infamous little "Pot Belly" stoves were obtained, which when properly fired made a six-man tent warm as an oven. This proved a source of worry and some fun for Oscar Terry, as he watched the "sunlight" coming in his tent grow bigger and brighter as the sparks flew.

The first evenings were spent reminiscing about the fair and friendly Wilmington girls. This soon gave way to trucks to Bowling Green or a crowded ride to Fredericksburg. For many, breaking into southern society proved a trying experience, since the 116th was definitely Yankee. It didn't take too long to prove to the Virginia maidens that the Civil War was a closed issue. For the less adventurous men there was the P. X., at first set up in the area and run by company men, then later moved into the adjacent field and taken over by regular Post Exchange Personnel. For everyone there were trucks to the Bowl-



MAIN STREET, TENT CITY, A. P. HILL, VA.

ing Green USO and its showers, writing room, reading room, dances, etc. Without their help this location would have been most sad. It was this same USO that cost the unit one of its best bakers. Lis took the wrong door and wound up at the foot of the stairs with a badly broken arm.

Everything had settled to a normal existence, when all of the peace and quiet were shattered by the entry of the teletype men from the Pentagon and a few intercept men from Camp Crowder. Most of them recall only too well Sgt Modell's little speech including his firm request that they remain in Sunday to help with Lt. Henning's mess hall. About this time Lt. White also made a speech to the intercept men, quote, "Men, if you pass 25 words per minute you may keep your Tec 5 rating, or if you do pass it you'll get a Tec 5!" This was a very short time before the ax fell, and stripes fell like water from a duck's back.

Besides the ancient old house called the "Intercept Building" the only other building in the vicinity was the mess hall, or, as some preferred to call it, "Lt. Henning's Folly". This truly was a company mess. Everyone "volunteered" his services in the construction of this architectural masterpiece. While this overgrown cowshed didn't keep out the rain, it helped by straining it. It proved a good place to write or play cards, more often to shoot crap. There was no other place with electricity; the tents were illuminated exclusively by candle power. The wives, sweethearts, and families of all 116th men should praise them for their valiant efforts to pen letters by feeble flickering candles. No man could ever forget the familiar request, "Got an extra candle I can borrow?"

As much a part of the memories of this area as any other thing was the departure of the 1st Sgt. Henry Downer kept his "List" in a small green index card box, and if you got in there three times, you were sunk beyond salvage and salvation. One of the green coffin boys stated, "The only thing blue about Downer's leaving is his Packard convertible". For a short time

Jimmy Moore held the reins, until M/Sgt Frank Modell assumed the first sergeantcy.

Ten city was an introduction to many things. Overnight problems were started, and for the first time the 116th was introduced to the much cussed "C" ration. Then it was a novelty to eat "C" and sleep in the field, but in the ensuing years this novelty completely palled. For problems 24 hours were divided into three periods, two hours on a radio set, two hours sleep, and two hours on guard. It's a good thing these problems lasted only 24 hours, because the pace was killing. Another item which was first inaugurated here was the night map-reading problems. No matter how much effort Lt. Wilson put forth, somebody always got lost.

A. P. Hill had worth in one way: there were few long hikes. One hike that will live for posterity's sake was Lt. Lakin's blood hike. Everyone who failed to volunteer a pint of blood for the Red Cross went on a hike. When the volunteers went into Bowling Green everyone who had a cold was turned down. Everybody had colds from those tents, so about the only ones who suffered were the hikers. Another group of hikes brought about by Lt. Lakin were the ones to the old barn for aircraft identification. It was here that everything from Piper Cub to B-29 were P-38's until Dave Nichols straightened up and set everybody flying right.

The Dog Fox gang never ceased bragging about Lt. Brown, their section officer, during the stay at A. P. Hill.

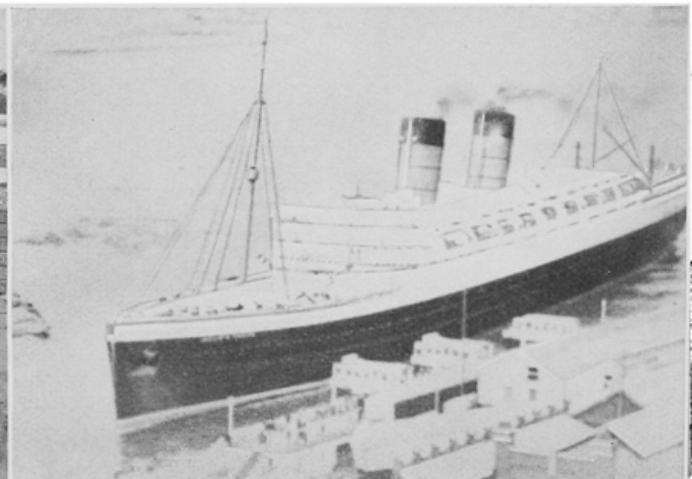
About the 12th or 13th of November Captain Barley returned from advanced officers' school to resume command of the 116th. Perhaps the highlight of this return was the "Snowstorm" Inspection". This no doubt was the only full field inspection ever held in the midst of a snow flurry. Another inspection, exclusively 116th in nature, was on the order of a personal inspection. Each man's wallet and personal belongings were given a thorough inspection for forged pass forms. A few were found, but in the main the only thing accomplished was much disgust and distaste.

When the 116th left DuPont, they had a man in the post guardhouse who had to be taken along. Arriving at A. P. Hill it was decided to keep him in the company area. At first he was locked in a semi-trailer at night and worked KP during the day. This arrangement proved not too satisfactory, so a cage was built. This cage was built of logs and wired together with field wire. The man lived here until discharged from the service under a Section VIII.

WHAT A MESS, A. P. HILL



H. M. S. MAURETANIA



About the last items of importance at A. P. Hill were the fifteen day furloughs and the arrival of a group of radio operators from the 78th and 100th Infantry Divisions.

Swinging into Vint Hill Farms Station one December 5th around 1900 hours the 116th looked like something out of Bill Mauldin's comic strip. Even the MP's were a little leary when the unit first tried to enter the secret hill, but eventually they decided it was no Task Force 309 and let the company pass through the gates that were to keep them for the next two months.

One look at the hill and the gang knew it was to be a good deal, not only from the standpoint of sleeping with a roof overhead and having real live running water; the facilities for entertainment reminded them of DuPont. This well layed out camp was dotted with a large theater, a modern PX, a tailor shop, and everything needed to make this camp one that the 116th would remember and enjoy. So the company settled down to make the most of another new camp and, from all reports, maybe the last, because this was the staging area. Time there was going to be filled with technical training and getting the outfit ready for the boat that was already scheduled.

The technical training soon began. The unit didn't have to wait long to find why they were here and what was in store at this most prized and closely guarded Signal Corps camp in the country. While the usual basic was poured into them for the tenth time, the intercept and D/F platoons faced the dreaded code tables. This time even the wire platoon got the stuff that drove little boys to chasing butterflies. The code men discovered that after a year of taking code with a mill they would have to pass a 25 word per minute pencil. That was not something that was going to be passed in a week or two. So with the usual griping the gang got down to business, and it wasn't long before the clean record of the company was to keep rolling along unblemished. Not only was the once tough 25 reached but half the boys were working on 30, to show that the one one sixth still had the best code speed and code men in any RI company. While instructors gasped, the intercept and D/F boys entered a new phase of training that included the first indication of what could be expected "over there". Although this was only the frame work the company was ready, and the spirit that kept the outfit clicking and moving was at its peak.

When the gates were unlocked the company invaded the little town of Warrenton, Virginia and like Joplin, Wilmington, Bouling Green, and all the

PYLEWELL HOUSE



REAR VIEW



other places within range, they captured and captivated it. This small southern town was added to the list of successful missions. The boys soon found a hideout in the Signal Corps Grill, and from here most of the attacks were planned and launched. The married men soon learned that Warrenton wasn't too crowded, and, knowing that this might be the last time to be with the little woman, many sent for the lovely ball and chain. Ah yes, this was indeed the start of those wonderful twelve points.

Passes weren't too hard to get with the exception of KP, CQ, or any other red tape that would keep a guy in. Every weekend the 116th was on its way to Washington or home for those fortunate enough to live within train time. The first trip probably caused a lot of doubt in the minds of the men anxious to get home or have themselves a weekend in Washington. This doubt was caused by the ancient bus that "guaranteed" to bring them to Washington. To top it off a soldier couldn't even light a cigarette; if he bent down to tie his shoe he was liable to blast three GIs out of the bus. Nevertheless it always came through and provided an outlet for beaucoup fun in the city named after our first president.

With the exception of that tiresome basic the motor pool was on a comparative vacation. That was of course everybody but "Get off my back" Zacker who was as busy as a beaver hauling in the firewater. Judy really had the liquor board groggy with those ration books he presented. The OPA is still wondering how those stubs kept reappearing.

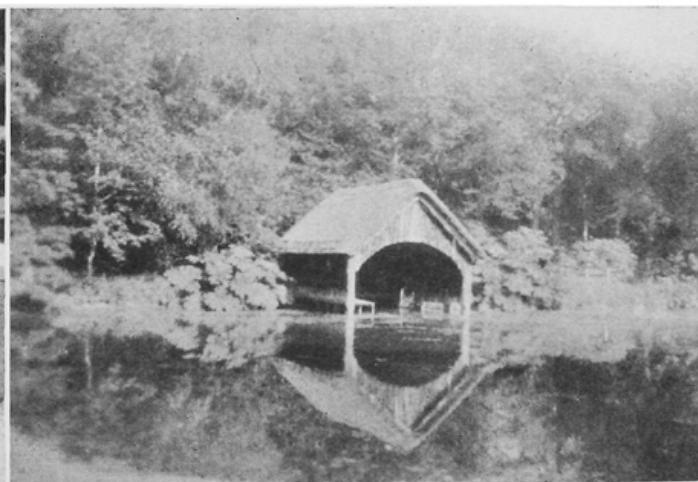
On the subject of the motor pool the incident of the PE-95's can never be overlooked. Johns, Collier, Banks, and a couple of the other boys packed the PE's for shipment overseas. These PE's were destined to greet the unit at overseas arrival, so the boys thought they would really beat duffle bag routine and threw in some fatigues and other personal belongings with the PE's. They are still waiting for those boxes.

Things were moving swiftly at the Hill and never to be forgotten memories received their baptism. Marching to code school down the icy hill in front of the barracks and trying to keep cadence was like something out of an Abbot and Costello routine. The physicals and the cry, "Bring your spoons" echoed as the men stumbled to formation and marched off to the hospital. At the Wacs' dayroom a master sergeant put on one of the best shows ever witnessed as he moved the boys through that "thorough" three minute

PYLEWELL GARDENS



BOAT HOUSE





THUNDERBOLT FIELD



SHOWDOWN BEFORE FRANCE

physical. The night that "Goose" Deaton fell asleep in the snow, where some eagle scout politely threw a blanket over the sleeping Goose, demonstrated unsurpassed and unrewarded valor. The three day problem gave the unit a small preview of Verdun and Bettemburg. One night the barracks caught on fire, and John Jenkins' clothes were burned. He was seen haunting Kalasz's joint until the wee hours of the morning. The New Year's and Xmas parties at the mess hall were classics to which could be added nothing. The weekend showdown that was pulled just as the boys were leaving for pass had all laying out his equipment before taking off. The following Monday morning there were a lot of Joes sleeping with mess kits and carbines as boudoir companions. What ever did become of that gripe session that Captain Barley held? Men had to queue up for a pass and be interviewed by the 1st Sgt. to make sure they weren't on his "List" before going on pass one Friday night. Vint Hill was the spot where the 116th lost Willie Picht, Earl Weible, James McBride, Ray Lovenshimer, John Jenkins, C. P. Jones, Robert McKee, Bob Henil, Russell Muncy, Ken Arzt, Stan Blama, Leonard Grimes, Lt. Ganter, Lt. Henning, Lt. Brown, Lt. Scholnek, and Lt. Anderson.

Not only did the 116th have code, basic, and army regulations crammed down their esophagus, but above all they had fun, which seems to have been the perennial pastime of this terrific outfit. No better example could be illustrative than that last night with the 116th taking over the Hill's PX. Blackie sang, beer and food made the rounds. There just wasn't anything like a necktie to be worn that night and if a Joe were the unfortunate individual to possess such an item he probably ended up with half of it in his hand. The MP's literally took to the hills that night and the only way they could finally pour the gang out of the PX was to transport the 3.2 to the barracks. Half the men never did go to bed because they were up at 0330 in the morning with a rush to pack duffle bags, fold up the old army cot, and don the full gear. This was as confused as one Zippo for sale at the PX. It was that morning the 25th of January 1944, at four o'clock they loaded into trucks and made their way to a railhead. It wasn't exactly a movie setting, but standing there with full field pack in the early morning haze and watching the troop train steam

into the little backwoods station had all the suspense of not knowing where you were going or how long you would be there.

The company arrived at Camp Shanks, New York early in the evening of January 25th. The first look was not impressive. It was reminiscent of "Shanty Town" in Camp Crowder with its paste board barracks. After the company had settled down, they heard the chow whistle blown here for the first time. Because of the number of outfits that had to be fed, there was a strict schedule to which even the 1st Sgt. had to adhere. The company worked up an appetite just marching to the mess hall. It was the better part of a mile.

Naturally the thought foremost in everyone's mind was to get to a telephone. It didn't take long to find out that, for security reasons, there were none. The second thought was of getting a shower and shave. That was quickly forgotten too-strictly cold water. The men had to break down sooner or later though because the same situation prevailed throughout the duration of their stay.

That evening after changing barracks again, the old "Crowder Routine", the unit was given a lecture on the censorship of mail. Despite the promised objectivity of censorship every Joe felt as though he were talking on a party line. Did you ever try to make love on a party line? And to think wives wondered why the guys didn't say "I adore you" as often as they would have liked. The morale of the New York boys took a decided drop when they found that passes were only a remote possibility, which, incidentally, never materialized at Shanks. The next four days were pretty well taken up with physical examinations, full field inspections, lectures, and the issuing of new clothing and equipment. Kalasz's humor never changed. The physicals were a farce because if one's body were warm he was still 1-A.

One dubious talent, which had heretofore remained hidden in some men, came to light. At night every barrack resembled, resembled only, a tonsorial parlor. The most popular result was the brush-cut, although there were some such novelties as the Indian "V-haircut".

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

TRAFAVGAR SQUARE

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL





PERIERS BIVOUAC



GERMAN MARK IV

The 116th was finally, ready or not, alerted. The whole outfit was restricted to the company area, but after some persuasion two or three men from each barrack were allowed to go to the PX to make some final purchases. On Sunday evening the 116th retraced its steps of five days previous and boarded another train. This was a crammed short trip of an hour or so. It's no small task to sit comfortably with full field equipment. Duffle bags had to be carried in addition to packs and bed rolls. Mohrman traditionally carried his typewriter. Benny Sigler had some excess room in his duffle bag and made the mistake of filling it with some barbell weights. As Tony DeRenzo dragged a duffle bag bigger than himself across the pier, a self important MP said, "Pick up that duffle bag". Webster doesn't print what Tony answered. In spite of everything no one was left behind when the Weehauken Ferry tugged the outfit to a pier, where the smiling Red Cross enthusiastically doled out coffee and a doughnut. Over in one corner of the pier a band blared George M. Cohan's "Over There". Subtle?

L. Haglund's famous words, "This outfit will never go overseas", were brought to mind as the former English luxury liner, the "Mauretania", was boarded. The ship was overloaded when the 116th labored up the gang plank so the company split up, part to "B" deck, part to "D" deck. There were about eight or nine thousand men aboard. Yes, it was quite crowded. The majority slept on tables or on the floors while sea-minded fortunates hammocked above them utilized more cubic space than a designer of sardine cans. An awkward situation resulted during the seasick period with those GI's swinging above the others on the floor. In addition to this the sight of a barefooted GI walking across the table two or three minutes before chow was by no means conducive to readying an appetite for the unchanging "Limey" stewed apricots and kidneys. Always a delightful combination breakfast if you ate it, but even better if you could keep it down. The officers ate upstairs in a table clothed dining room.

The big trip started at eleven AM on January 31st. A navy blimp escorted for a few hours, but soon left and the "Mauretania" was on her own. Seasickness hit in various degrees and in various places the second night out. Some rare cases, McEachern's, lasted throughout the entire trip. After moving



LAVAL "BARNYARD"



CHOW LINE AT LAVAL

Sigler's duffle bag a few times O'Rourke tired of weight lifting and disposed of the weights via garbage chute. They ended with "Davy Jones". The men were entertained by USO touring Jimmy Cagney assisted by Red Tilzer. Quite a bit of money changed hands in the poker and crap games that were a ritual on "A" deck. Blackburn instigated a ship argument over the time honored, "Does a horse push or pull a cart?"

The less said about the food, the better. Meals were offered twice a day.

Everyone, but Meyer, was on deck at least two hours each day. Whenever they weren't on deck they waited for the inevitable, "We are going to have a boat drill", said in the English captain's English. All Brooklyners begged that he would speak English. Everyone had his underfed "Mae West" within reach at all times. Each life jacket was equipped with a small red light for night rescue. Rumors went around the ship about the number of subs that had been outrun. One night a severe February storm tossed the massive "Mauretania", aggravating the seasick cases. The medics even needled the 116th with a typhus shot one morning.

On February 8th land was sighted, the Isle of Man. A little farther on the men caught their first glimpse of England. After making several unsuccessful attempts the big ship docked at Liverpool on February 11th. Conditions, such as the wind and tide, had to be almost perfect before the liner could dock.

The company disembarked on the 12th. That carrying duffle bags from "D" deck to "B" deck and then back down to "C" was a classic of snafu, sweating, swearing, and stumbling. It was here at Liverpool that they first met the "Got any gum chum?" English kids. The children made a good haul. The men saw something new again as they boarded their first English train.

Except for views of some bomb shattered ruins and the symmetry of the English countryside the train trip was uneventful, that is until the outskirts of London were reached late that night, when the "wail of the Banshee" became a reality with the company's first air raid—an odd sensation.

Luckily the air raid was short, and soon the men uncrossed their fingers as the trip continued. At approximately two AM on the 13th of February the company got off the train on the Lymington wharf. Everyone thought he

was to spearhead the invasion as he stepped from the train only to find the channel facing him.

The company arrived at Pylewell House about 3 A.M. on the 13th of February 1944. Approaching the "Summer Palace" they were quite impressed with its size and evidences of former splendor. Its maze of halls connecting 99 rooms proved an obstacle for the first few days whenever a detail was needed. Bicycle riding became a popular pastime among the men and enabled them to visit neighboring communities where all the travel literature they had seen in past years seemed to come to life. Many examples of the almost lost art of roof thatching were to be seen on the picturesque farm houses scattered throughout the neighborhood. Each home was invariably surrounded by a well tended garden. The formal gardens on the Pylewell estate with many varieties of rare trees, shrubs, and flowers gave the amateur photographers a field day and proved to be a much needed medium of relaxation on the hot summer days. The cupola on the roof afforded an excellent view of the Isle of Wight, which, unfortunately, was out of bounds for the troops.

After a few days the men received their baptism of fire in sweating out the first air raid in this area. The heavy bombers returning from their missions to London and Southern England passed over Pylewell and the Island, and were immediately greeted by curtain of anti-aircraft fire from surrounding batteries. It was quite easy to trace the flight of the planes and the sometimes accurate results of the guns by following the searching fingers of light which interlaced the skies. Supplementing the excitement caused by air raids were the numerous V-1 bombs passing over the house on the way to various ports on the southern coast. Whether due to mechanical defects or miscalculations at the launching ramps, several of the bombs exploded prematurely in the vicinity of Pylewell House. The men viewed at first hand the disastrous results of this robot.

There was no time lost in taking advantage of every opportunity to see Lymington, Bournemouth, Southampton, London, and other places of scenic and historic interest. Soon vocabularies were increased to include "Pub", "Tea and cakes", and "You cawn't miss it". British trains, despite the lack of streamlining, chromium fittings, and other luxurious appointments encountered on the American railroads, proved to be comfortable.

Various conducted tours made available by the Red Cross in London afforded ample opportunity, for anyone interested, to visit such historical

HOME SWEET HOME—MEAUX



CHAMPAGNE AT MEAUX



spots as Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, House of Commons, House of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, and the notorious Piccadilly Circus. The public transportation system in London was surprisingly efficient due to the facilities of the "Underground" (subway) and the coke-burning double decker busses which never seemed to stop while loading and unloading passengers.

The IB platoon arrived at Pylewell House on April 22, 1944 after two months of training in London.

Almost overnight a Thunderbolt air field sprang up across the road from the house and soon the air was filled with P-47s taking off and landing. This proved to be a great source of information and education for a number of the men who spent considerable time investigating the intricacies of the modern fighter plane.

After the field was in operation for a few weeks the company received its first indication of the damage done by a 500 lb. bomb. One was accidentally released by a plane coming in for a landing. Fortunately, the only damage was a large crater in the runway and several broken windows.

It was at Pylewell House that the personnel learned the true function of a radio intelligence unit. Operations were originally set up in what was formerly the dining room. Some time later the field units (TC 9's) arrived and, after various revisions, operations were transferred to the huts which were mounted on the beds of 2½ ton trucks. The company was commended by the Chief Signal Officer for producing radio intelligence vital to the war effort for the period 6 weeks prior to D-day.

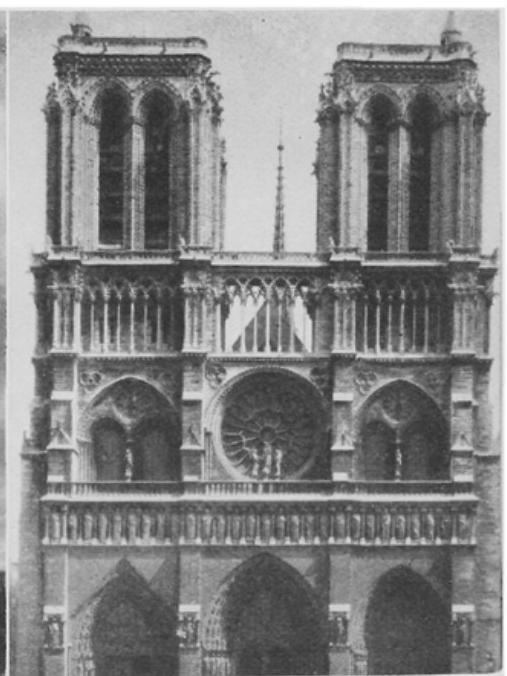
During the company's stay at Pylewell the entertainment consisted of several dances which were enhanced by the presence of WAAF's and WREN's. The local Pub situated in the house cellar had a large clientele among the men who had developed a taste for stout and bitters. Many pleasant hours were spent in the theater where the men were entertained by a number of movies and several excellent stage shows sponsored by the USO.

They knew sometime early in August 1944 they would find themselves continent bound. Changing their English currency for French invasion francs,

STATUE AT MEAUX

EIFFEL TOWER

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL



waterproofing vehicles, and being restricted to their company area told them that. GI imagination and rumors cinched the matter; it was no surprise when the company found themselves taking a last look at Pylewell House and climbing into their trucks that morning of August 6th. Lymington, as the convoy passed through, looked the same as it had other mornings, grey, silent, and damp with that penetrating mist you find only in England. Later perhaps the sun would shine down on its familiar streets and little children would be at their favorite game of stopping Yanks with their cry of "Any gum, chum?" Pretty lassies who once attended the company dances, who laughed with, and probably loved, some American boy, would be shopping or sitting in the old Tea Shoppe sipping their morning tea. But all that was past now and, as the trucks charged through the narrow streets, everyone had his last glimpse of the town he had known so well the past six months.

It was late that afternoon when the convoy finally arrived at the marshalling area on the outskirts of Southampton. The area wasn't much to look at. It seemed as if someone had taken a piece of ugly wasteland and tried to conceal its bareness with rows of pyramidal tents. Sand swept freely through the rolled up sides of the tents and the cots were dirty and well worn from the thousands of troops who had used them. The men knew that they wouldn't be there long, so they jokingly tossed their gear on the best cots they could find and waited for chow. After chow everyone drew PX rations of candy, cigarettes and gum plus a few items especially designed for the trip. Two wax lined paper bags were provided for those subject to seasickness. Fuel tablets and insect repellent powder were issued for use in the field.

Hardly had the men stowed the newly acquired rations in their musette bags when the order came through to load up and move to the docks. The trucks pulled out onto the highway and wisecracking GI's piled in, eager to get rolling. Sergeants trotted up and down the line of trucks calling off names and assuring the men it would only be a couple of minutes until they would be moving. Finally after everyone had been issued forty-five rounds of ammunition with orders to save them for the Jerries, and little booklets describing France had been passed out, the convoy began. Through Southampton it roared as well wishing Britishers waved a bon voyage to men who whistled a last time at a well turned English ankle.

ARC de TRIOMPHE



LOST IN SABLE



The dock was just like any other dock, dirty, noisy, and crowded with stevedores rushing cargo into the holds of ships that lined the waterfront.

K-ration boxes soon littered the floor as weary men settled down for a night on the dock. Someone found a pile of cardboard, and bedrolls were rolled out while winches groaned, lifting trucks into the bowels of a Liberty ship. There wasn't much sleeping that night, everyone was busy trying to locate a latrine or looking for something to eat. Someone did manage to get a big pot of soggy frankfurters somewhere and it was quickly emptied.

All through the night the loading of the ship continued. Dawn found a company of snoring, talking, and uncomfortable men sprawled in positions perfectly natural only to a contortionist, yogi or GI. At the call of "Rise and shine", everyone rose but nobody shone. It was chilly. The Liberty ship now loaded, looked bleak and unpromising at its mooring. The men gathered up their blankets, packed up the K-ration boxes and trudged aboard, silent and sleepy but glad to get started.

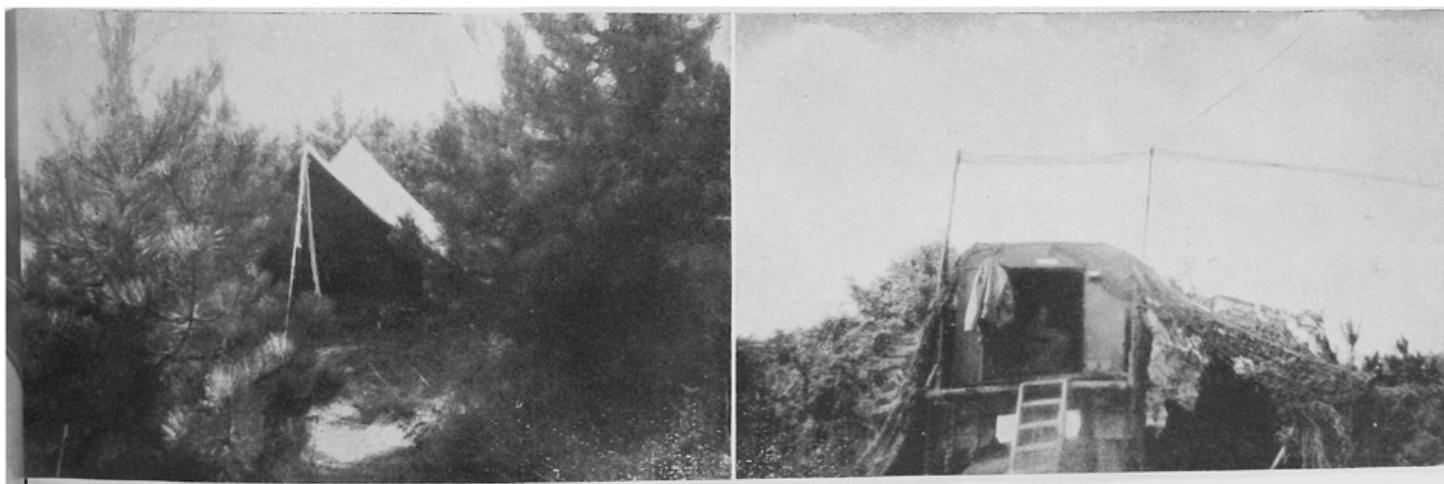
It wasn't long after the last man had climbed aboard that the Robert S. Peary slid from her berth, swung west down the Solent, around the Isle of Wight and out into the open Channel. The thrill of watching the waterfront panorama of little ships scurrying in and out between Liberty ships also bound for France or English ports lessened as the coast faded in the distance. Men turned from the rails to find a comfortable spot to catch up on their sleep. Some found crap games to pass the time while others went in search of K-rations.

The Channel was unbelievably calm and no one had to use his paper bag, though some did feel ill from the mere sight of water.

The morning passed uneventfully and early afternoon found the ship nearing the coast of France. Somewhere in the distance guns boomed and the tension mounted as the ship drew closer and closer to the sound. It never was known exactly what caused the sound but as suddenly as it had started, it ceased and everyone breathed easier. A few moments later, the coast was fairly discernible and for miles around appeared ships of every type and description. As far as the eye could see were ships and more ships. A bloated body slid past the ship and the war seemed very close. The Robert S. Peary took her place among her neighbors and dropped anchor off Omaha Beach. Off to one side of the ship stood the Omaha breakwater, a solid line of

VERDUN'S PINE HAVEN

SWITCHBOARD CENTRAL





VERDUN MUD



"GOLDIE" INCOGNITO

concrete caissons and sunken ships. As dusk gathered, the company settled down for the night, rolling out blankets on the deck or climbing atop a canvas-topped truck to sleep.

Darkness had just settled on the water when planes roared overhead. Suddenly there was the blinding flash of an explosion and shrapnel splattered against the side of the ship. Men poured out of the hold, leaped from the trucktops, and jumped from their beds on deck, ready for anything. A machine gun fired across the water, then all was still. Few slept the remainder of the night.

Early the following morning they started unloading the trucks onto a long flat navy barge that had pulled alongside. During the operation another Liberty ship anchored nearby swung with the current and threatened to smash into the Robert S. Peary's bow or sweep past and ram the barge, but the disaster was avoided by the skilled maneuvering of the ships' captains. By late afternoon the barge was loaded to capacity and men scrambled down the side of the Liberty ship on rope ladders to take their places with their trucks.

They landed that evening. The remainder of the company began to load onto another barge, and it was dark before they were finished. Informed that they would land on the morrow, they dug out their blankets for another night on the water. On the morning of August 9th, the last barge pulled away from the ship and made for the beach, amid a virtual traffic jam of hundreds of "Ducks" sputtering back and forth to ships at anchor and Omaha Beach.

The first attempt to land was unsuccessful though one truck managed to slip onto the pier before the shifting tide drove the barge to the shelter of the breakwater. Curious GIs swarmed aboard the hulks of former German ships that made up the breakwater, returning with all sorts of trophies — everything from shells to parachutes.

The men, tired of waiting, built a fire on the barge and cooked up C-rations, garnished with canned foods they innocently lifted from the barge's galley. Later a second attempt to land was made but again the tide sent the barge back out. The third try was successful and the last of the 116th S. R. I. Co. rolled onto the soil of France on August 9th, 1944.



RED CROSS HOSTESSES



COFFEE AND DONUTS

Since only a part of the company had been unloaded from the Liberty ship on the evening of August 8th, it was decided that they would proceed to the assigned area, and the rest would follow the next day. That meant a move of about 60 miles that night in almost total darkness because only "cateyes" were to be used. The moon had risen by midnight and the driving became a little less hazardous. The roads were torn up by bomb and shell craters and mines lined both sides of them. The tension increased for fear that drivers might wander from the beaten path. The worry uppermost in the minds of the drivers was the fear of getting lost from the convoy because no one knew exactly where he was going. The move was made without a mishap except for a truck or two that broke down.

As the moon rose, the shells of buildings and houses began to take shape and cast grotesque shadows across the rubble filled streets. The entire picture was one of chaos and complete destruction. One had to look only once to realize that a hard battle had taken place here just a short time ago. The unmistakable stench of death added emphasis to the scene.

The following afternoon, the remainder of the company arrived at the Periers area as scheduled. Pup tents were pitched and foxholes dug. Latrine details were busy, Lister bags were hung, and camouflage discipline was rigidly enforced by outlining paths with white tape.

By the second day, the operational area was set up and operations began immediately. The radio repair section erected a public address system and amplified the American Network programs broadcast from London. Timko even got his tonsorial parlor in operation under a tarpaulin that was slung over the corner made by two hedgerows.

A lot had been written and read about the French people, but now the boys had a chance to see and learn for themselves. For the most part, they were congenial, friendly, and eager for American cigarettes. The full value of a cigarette or chocolate bar had never been realized until now. Many a deal was consummated with these as the mediums of exchange for some calvados or cognac. The wooden shoes that the peasants wore were a novelty. Contrary to our opinion, the French did not wear the wooden shoes because the Germans had confiscated all the leather, but because the extreme richness

and moisture of the Normandy soil rotted leather rapidly and made its use impractical. GI shoes, however, were the envy of every Frenchman. A pair would have bought the finest cognac in all the land, but also a speedy court-martial.

Sergeants Evarts, Tischler, and Whitten consented to offer a course in basic French for those who were interested. Soon the 116th became quite linguistic and Franco-American relations reached a new high.

The tragedy of war was forcibly brought closer upon the men a few days later. A loud explosion reverberated throughout the Normandy apple orchards and a column of smoke leaped into the sky. The incident was dismissed until later it was discovered that four small children had been playing with, and set off a German mine. One was killed and the other three were seriously injured.

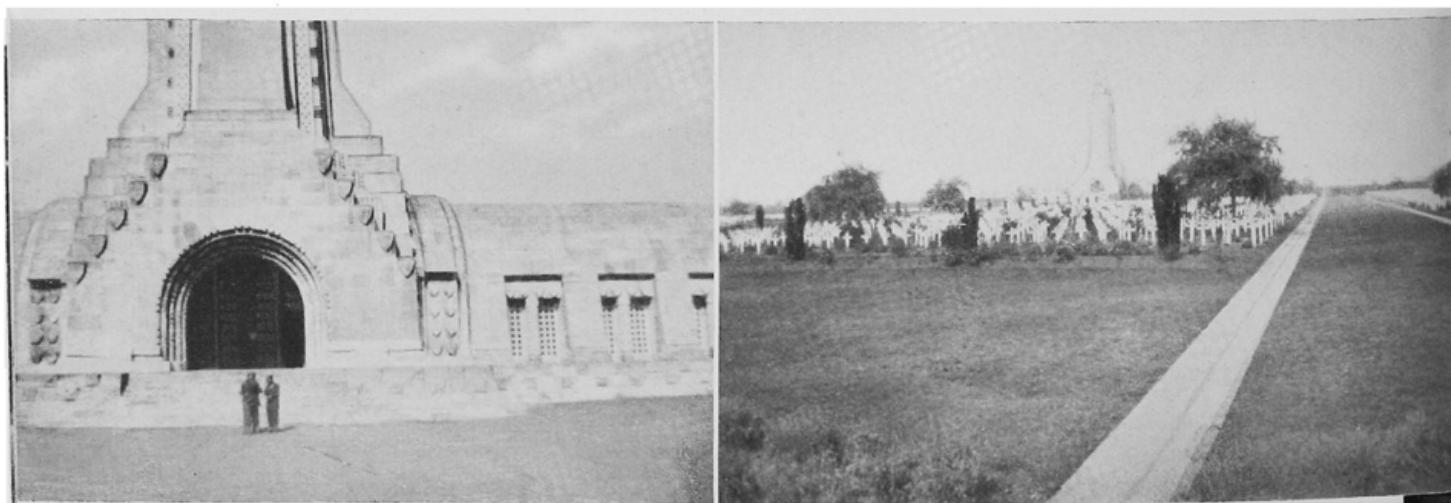
A small creek was located a few miles away and was used as the local bath and laundry. In France, a man's privacy does not amount to the same thing it would back in the States and a new and more secluded spot had to be found, which turned out to be the seashore on the western side of the Cherbourg peninsula. It was more secluded from the mademoiselles and off in the distance one could see the Channel Islands, still swarming with German soldiers.

Most of the fellows never expected to see the luxury of a PX in the war-torn hedgerows but one morning Sgt. George Deal appeared in the back of a 2½ ton truck, arranging and unwrapping the coveted rations. The French civilians were as happy about the whole thing as the men were; they usually ended up with at least half of the cigarettes and chocolate by fair means or foul.

The chow was not always tasty and if a guy was hungry he had to fight not only the cooks but a more persistent and dangerous enemy, the yellow jacket. These bees ate more than Ivey and Nethercutt traded. The bees had an irresistible desire for the much despised marmalade.

The good weather lasted and the company's first movie, "Gaslight", with Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman, was shown in an open air pavilion. The pavilion was just an open field with two GI trucks arranged so that the projector was in the rear of one and the small portable screen was in the back of the other. The men sat on the ground in the area between, and the movie was shown without violating blackout security. A Jerry recon plane interrupted a terrific love scene.

VERDUN MEMORIAL TO WORLD WAR I



The radio news heard about this time was giving particular emphasis to the Falaise Gap which was rapidly closing and choking the German Seventh Army. The counter-attack at Avranches had been repulsed so the unit's mission was drawing to a close in this vicinity; greener pastures and better readability were to be found elsewhere.

There were few, if any, who could predict just how far they were going to travel with the momentum of General Patton's victorious Third Army when the 116th broke out of the Normandy peninsula on August 22nd en route to Laval. A handful of men were given a preview of the next bivouac when they accompanied CWO Cagle on the demining operation to ready the Laval area for unit occupancy. These "sappers" returned disheveled but bubbling with numerous stories of the mines they encountered.

The trip was long, but interesting, for it provided a first hand view of the destruction that befell such fine French cities as Coutance, Avranches, and the chaos that followed in the wake of the Wehrmacht's rout in Brittany. There was the never to be forgotten fleeting glimpse of the famed shrine of Mont St. Michel, almost untouched by the war that enveloped it. The convoy from Periers was uneventful except for an incident that took place in the city of Laval.

As the 116th's sixty trucks backfired down the main drag they faced a crowd that would rival Times Square on New Year's Eve. The men's first impression was that someone had spread the news of the 116th's coming and as a result the populace had turned out to provide a typical French welcome. This thought was quickly dispelled by the news that General DeGaulle had delivered a speech just a few minutes prior to the "triumphal entry". The notorious six-holer with its patrician diamond shaped holes astride a GI trailer indubitably provoked more laughter than Laval had known since the French capitulation.

The bivouac area was situated in and about some junior mountains. The operations area pinnacled the highest hill and after one or two trips to work the intercept gang was convinced they were attached to a mountain division. A small stream divided the valley that boasted the mess tent and the CP. The fourth section and the IB platoon were forced to ford this stream going and coming to their secluded bivouac. Some even claimed they swam to chow. The stream made a convenient wash and bath tub, however.

ENROUTE TO LONGUYON



KP AT LONGUYON





BILLET — LONGUYON

LUFTWAFFE

WIRE PATROL

The code name "Barnyard" could be applied literally to the 116th in this area for tempting fowl and tender beef steak roamed through the area. Fresh eggs ceased to be a novelty because the men's bartering ability had increased beaucoup as a result of the smattering of French learned at Periers. C-47s darkened the sky in attempts to supply the rapidly advancing armor. Nimer continued his round the clock search for souvenirs. The bees were more persistent than at Periers. A French gendarme insisted there were numerous # troopers in the immediate area. There were no disastrous effects but a few of the men disliked the whiz of shots past their ears late at night in the vicinity of the isolated latrine. Cooke climaxed the deal of his career when he exchanged a bicycle for enough spirits to keep the IB boys from fighting for three days.

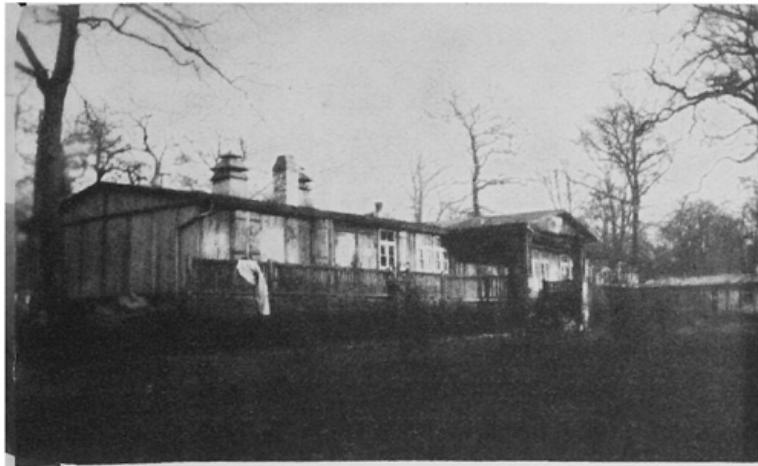
Seligman was preaching V-E Day by Labor Day. Everyone wanted to agree because Patton was on his way to Paris, the Falaise Gap had been eliminated, and besides it was nice to think that the war would soon be over. Getting the trucks down and out of the Laval area was difficult, but no one minded as they were anxious to move.

The trip to Chartres took the usual course with the company going in the wrong direction and ending up lost. In a small town called Sablé where the one and only bridge was blown up, everyone enjoyed himself as directions were sought. The girls and several bottles turned out in true liberation style. What more could a GI ask?

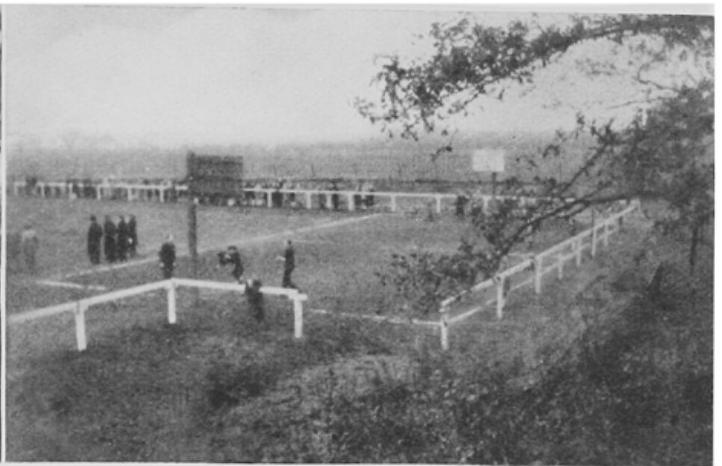
Arriving after dark outside Chartres, operations were set up and tents pitched. This was the darkest and dampest woods ever encountered. It was so dark that one had to look outside the forest to ascertain whether it were night or day. Someone made the appropriate remark, "The only thing to be feared is an attack by submarines."

At first a long stay was rumored, so all began to build log huts and the barracks bags were stowed under straw shelters. The large German ammunition dump which was close by stimulated all the rumors. The most prevalent was that the Germans were planning to return and blow it up.

In the distance, towered the famous Chartres Cathedral with its two different Gothic styled steeples and hand stained windows.



MESSHALL BETTEMBURG



SPORTS FIELD

The company stayed at Chartres just five days, from August 28th to September 1st. Everyone was glad to leave because the weather was miserable and the area had become a mud hole. Then, too, there was the incentive that the next stop would necessarily be in the vicinity of gay Paree. The wire section marked Chartres off its list of stops, picking up the last remaining wire at midnight.

On September 2nd, the company moved to an area near Meaux. It was another one of those moves that was all rush. Even as the lead trucks were pulling out, Sgt. Modell could be seen running around with a razor in hand taking a last minute shave.

The trip was a good one and the weather perfect. The prominent towns passed through were St. Germaine and Etampes, but due to traffic congestion Paris was bypassed. As the convoy moved into Meaux, numerous shop windows were seen loaded with jewelry and souvenirs. The convoy moved on three kilometers past Meaux to the new bivouac. It was just off the Red Ball Highway, and situated as usual on one of the largest hills in the vicinity. Pup tents were set up right in an apple orchard which proved not only to be good camouflage but also a great appeaser to many a hearty appetite. Down the steep embankment in the rear of the camp area was a canal running into the Marne River. This provided the main source of water for laundry and bathing. The men will never forget the frigid temperature of that canal, and more often than not, a man would get so far as to just stick his foot in the water and then decide to go back to the old faithful method of bathing in his helmet. A French family applauded as one GI, completely embarrassed, and completely undressed, labored to bathe from his helmet.

For the first time since arriving in France, passes were made available. Meaux was an excellent place to take advantage of this rare freedom because this little town boasted souvenir shops and the popular Champagne Bar.

There were two smaller towns to the rear of the area, Varreddes and Poissy upon which the Dog Fox boys made an immediate fix.

On a nearby hill, there was a magnificent statue which had been presented by the United States to the French in commemoration of the latter's achievement in the Battle of the Marne in World War I.

Sunday was a sort of a visitor's day at the area and it seemed that every family for miles around came there with their cans or boxes to get leftovers. When the men were blessed with a dinner of C-rations, the visitors would sit right down and help the GIs eat the hard biscuits and stew. The fellows didn't mind so very much, as the people were the same farmers who owned the potato patches in the vicinity. Everyday some Frenchman or Pole could be seen making his rounds of the different section areas with a little black bag trading his wares. Needless to say, he never went back empty handed and the men always quenched their thirst.

It was from Meaux that the company was given the opportunity to see Paris. Paris epitomized the newly liberated world in those early September days. Parisian gratitude was so obviously sincere in its effervescence that for once a GI could visualize the fruits of his sacrifice. Everything was so civilized to the chaos that followed in the wake of the Wehrmacht's rout in Brittany. There destruction that befell such fine French cities as Coutances, Avranches, and bedraggled soldiers to whom, for months, a building was little more than crumbling cement. It seemed as if Paris was out of this world. There were gorgeous women, sidewalk cafes, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, the Arc de Triomphe; everything as complete as a travelog could have made it. Every GI wanted some Chanel Number 5 or black negligees with Paris labels. He usually settled for watered perfume and white flannels, but no one minded in the spirit of liberation. Even Chelsea cigarettes spelled magic in the barter circles while a K-ration chocolate bar made a GI, Santa Claus. Paris was a world of its own those beautiful days.

About this time, there was a critical gasoline shortage in the ETO when General Patton's tanks bogged down. For this reason, the Paris passes were halted for a few days until the gas supply began to roll again.

On September 11th, the unit reluctantly headed for Verdun leaving behind the pleasures of Meaux and the marvels of Paris.

One should always bear in mind the fact that due to operational and strategical purposes the 116th almost always had to be located on high ground,

NOON CHOW



ENLISTED MEN'S QUARTERS



therefore exposing itself to one of war's worst enemies, and sometimes its greatest benefactor, Mother Nature. In the case of Verdun, it was the former.

The 116th arrived in the chosen bivouac area on the side of a hill located about eight miles north of Verdun on September 12th, 1945. The area was an unsurpassed monument to the war which some of their fathers had fought twenty-seven years before. It was pocked with shell holes and lined with old trenches to which still clung some rusty relics of 1917—18. The place was very reminiscent of battle and death. The weather was a great contributing factor to this ghostly impression.

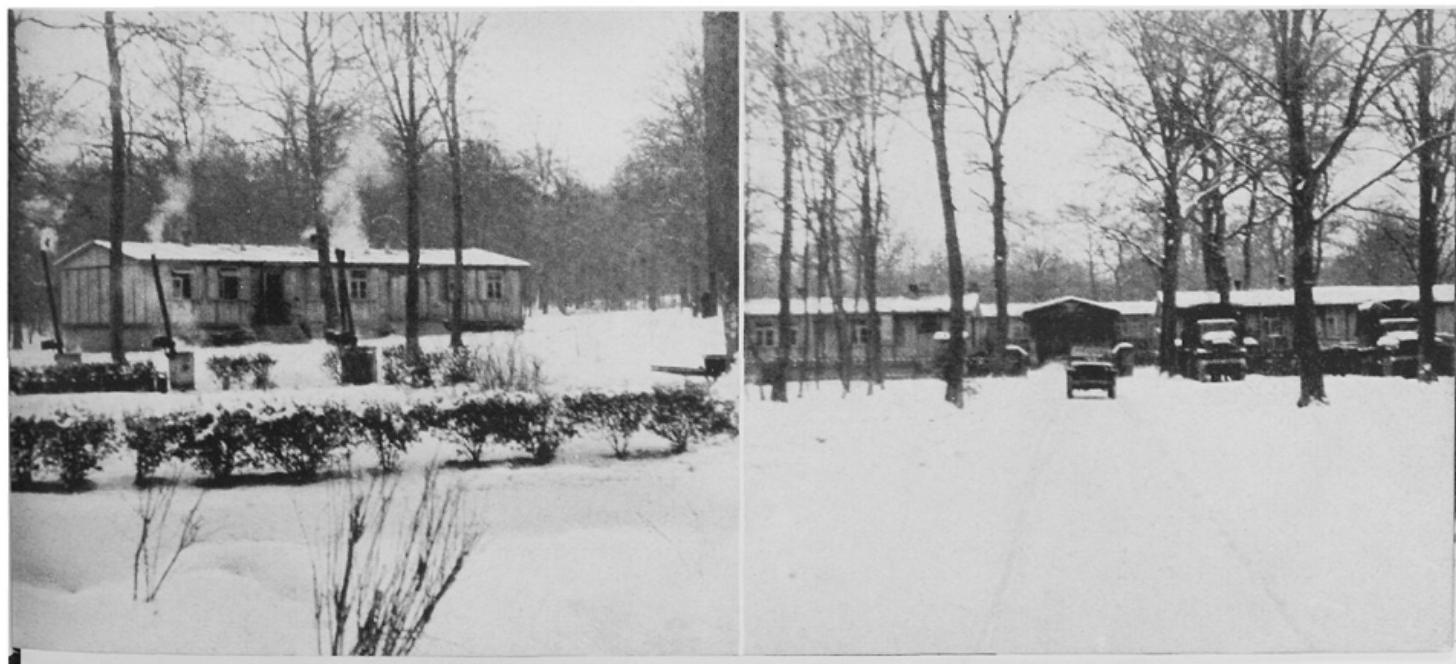
The view during daylight, when it was not raining, was a panorama of mountainous beauty, but at night it was one of blackness punctured with flashes from not too distant artillery fire. Streaks of red in the sky here and there comprised the trail of the V-1. The mornings were something out of Hollywood. Fog blanketed the ground making all plant life seem to stem from a cloud.

One could almost truthfully state that out of the 14 days the company was located there, it rained for 12 of them. Men were not exaggerating when they wrote home and told of wading to the mess tent, waking up in the morning with their tents full of soupy mud, of getting rain into their food, and how their coffee was cold before they could gulp it down. Mud got into their clothing; blocked the roads; bogged the trucks down; and clogged carbines. It seemed as though all the mud in the world had finally flowed to this mountainside. Yes, to the men of the 116th the words "MUD" and "VERDUN" were synonymous.

It was, however, not enough to stop the men from enjoying themselves. They were afforded opportunities to visit the historic and very beautiful memorial cemetery and monument outside of Verdun. Some of the men took trips to see and go through Fort DeVeaux.

A Red Cross Clubmobile plowed through the mud and stubborn pine trees, so the men could enjoy doughnuts and hot coffee. Early that same

WINTER COMES TO BETTEMBURG



afternoon the men's eyes turned from the clubmobile toward the cloud laden sky to watch three Thunderbolts returning from a mission. This was nothing new, but suddenly one of the planes nosed over and took a gentle dive disappearing below the other side of a mountain. Men watched anxiously but the plane did not reappear. Instead, an ominous black column of smoke marked the spot where someone had just kissed Mother Earth at about five hundred miles an hour. A few of the men started off cross country to the scene of the crash and upon their arrival they found nothing but the charred remains of a plane and the broken limp form of the pilot who had flown it. Verdun was bad from start to finish.

It was known that hostile groups of Germans had holed up in the surrounding mountains and were making hit and run attacks on American installations. One night when John Van Hooser was guarding the operational area, he saw a light coming out of the fog toward him. Van waited until he had proven to himself that it was not his imagination (one's imagination can conjure up formidable spectres while on guard at night) and then gave out with his command to halt. After shouting this command two or three times and getting no results, Van fired. The light disappeared, there was a scuffle, and then everything was silent again. Investigation the following morning yielded no evidence of what or whom it may have been. From that night intercept guards were a little more vigilant with nervous trigger fingers.

The wire section was also troubled by these small time saboteurs. It was not by pure accident that more than once their wire was cut. This caused the emergency crews plenty of trouble for they had to go out at all hours of the day to replace downed communications. The wire cutting finally became so acute that a patrol had to be instituted to guard this, but it was not able to halt it completely.

Some men ventured into the city of Verdun to seek souvenirs and see the monuments and historic sights in the war torn city. An abandoned German clothing warehouse proved to hold an abundance of insignia and other

RADIO REPAIR



OPERATIONS



dress paraphernalia. As ever, GI Joe was looking for something to drink, (warmth was essential in the bivouac area) and someone to talk to.

One morning Capt. Barley took off in his command car seeking a prized P-38 service pistol. In his search, he wandered into enemy territory unknowingly. Although he found a pistol, he also found that maybe he should have stayed in bed.

Despite the exhausting discomforts of Verdun, the men of the 116th continued to keep up the laughing, joking, and ever on-the-ball attitude that had characterized the unit since its activation.

Finally the welcomed day came. They were moving out of Verdun's hell hill. All the officers told them that the new area was much better than usual. It had everything. Everything to make living difficult. The day was rainy as they pushed their mud covered trucks over the 30 miles from Verdun to Tellencourt, Belgium.

The second day in the tall Belgian forest a couple of the boys decided to liberate the nearby village. They discovered two women who would do their laundry for the customary cigarettes and chocolate, so being shrewd operators they gave their laundry out, only to find it the next day lying in a roadside ditch. The two generous women had taken the rations and tossed the two GI's clothing. The Belgian militia later picked up these Nazi lovers and shaved their heads.

Two days before they moved down to the palatial school at Longuyon a call came for volunteers to round up some 50 odd Germans who had been seen a few miles from the camp. Lt. White in true commando fashion called for volunteers. All the men were, in realistic guerilla style, loaded down with small arms and grenades. They boarded three 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, the first of which mounted a 50 calibre machine gun, and they were off to the races. This arsenal roared through towns that had never seen Americans. The civilians waved and cheered their liberators. As usual it turned out to be a dry run when the convoy leader made the customary wrong turn, so with an enthusiasm whetted by the cold September night the dauntless warriors returned to damp pup tents.

BULGE PATROL



BUZZ BOMB

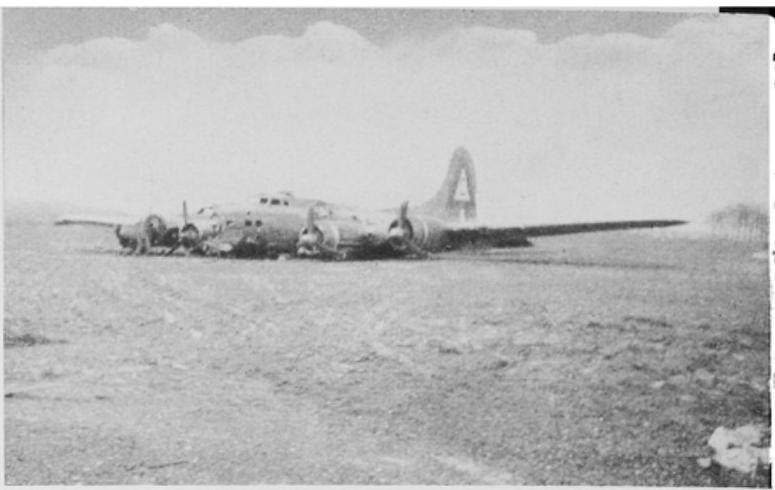


CHANGING SHIFTS





B-24



B-17

It was autumn. The nights were getting colder. The Germans were preparing a stand along the Moselle River, and the 116th was headed for its first billets. This was the situation as the company pulled up stakes at Tellen-court, Belgium and headed for the little French town of Longuyon. The rumors of billets were finally to become a reality after two months of sleeping on the ground. Advance word had depicted the place as anything but "honey". Some of the boys who had gone ahead spent several days tossing aside straw and debris. So on one of the usual rainy moving days, the mud-sodden trucks whined out of the dark forest.

"Continuous operations" were tried for the first time during a move and although confusion ran high, the difficult job was successfully performed. Convoy trucks arrived at the school house which was to be the new home. Soon the job of assigning sections to the various rooms was noisily accomplished. The school house was a one-story affair with large airy rooms, and consisted of two sections which were separated by a court in which the kitchen tent was set up. The German artillery had graciously taken care of the ventilation by knocking out all the windows.

The intercept sections seemed to have had a little better luck as they were assigned to another school house about three blocks away. It had previously been a nursery, and the fellows had quite a time getting accustomed to the facilities that were intended for children and not grown men. However, they did come up with a set of showers which enabled them to take showers for the first time in several months.

The officers lived in another part of town in a building that had formerly housed the Gestapo headquarters.

Meanwhile operations were set up on the usual hill at the outskirts of town. The site was quickly transformed into an enormous mud-hole. At that time traffic was coming in fairly well and everyone was talking about the rapid advance of General Patton's Third Army. D/F placed a field unit in Montagne that produced some excellent results. Since operations were such a distance from the company area, the code and crypt boys had to ride to and from work.



COMMUNICATIONS TO SSD



WHITEWASHING TRUCKS

Back in the company area the men were preparing for their first night's sleep on the floor and due to lack of electricity many men were trampled by the shifts coming off and on duty. The promised beds arrived two days later from Vellerupt. They were soft, wooden, double-deckers with wood slats that served as a combination spring and mattress. Somehow "Jersey", "Tex", "Goldy", and Giorgio, the detail, were lost when the trucks showed up to bring them back. They did bring the beds which had been abandoned by the retreating Wehrmacht. The bugs, however, came along of their own accord! The next few days found the men with blow torches trying to get rid of the uninvited guests. Stoves were also soon set up and it was an engineering feat to force smoke out the pipes which were sticking through the broken windows.

With the exception of two blown bridges and strafed railroad yards, Longuyon was a city little touched by war. Life went on as usual for the French people, although they played host to the American liberators. It was in Longuyon that the fellows had the chance to see their first French movie and attend a French dance. One day some of the fellows set out to see the town and returned only after a rescue by Capt. Barley, for the Third Army MPs had some silly pass regulations. Here it was also that the fellows ordered their first champagne and visited the Maginot line. They saw their first collaborators with shaved heads, among them "the girl across the street". And it was at this area that General Doran paid a visit and was very satisfied with conditions. Longuyon, incidentally, was the only place where the 116th ever had a latrine with a complete view of the city.

Nearly two weeks after setting up at Longuyon, France, moving orders arrived once again. On the 10th of October, the men gathered up their belongings, packed the operational equipment, and moved out on another routine but interesting motorized trek. Three hours later they arrived at Bettemburg, in the Duchy of Luxembourg, whose total population of three hundred thousand boasted a pre-war standing army of three hundred men. Taking up its position on the southern outskirts of the town, the 116th was soon comfortably billeted in a former German army camp. The camp had been abandoned only a few days previously under pressure of the Allied advance.

The men prepared for what was to prove their longest stay in any one location and, up until then, their most comfortable living quarters since the unit's arrival at Pylewell House, England.

It was here that they were to winter. Here they came to know individually and collectively the degree to which the Luxembourg people appreciated their liberation from German tyranny. Here they basked in a hospitality that was reminiscent of the traditional "South". Within a week or two of the company's arrival, many of the men had found a home where they were particularly welcome. They could spend leisure hours delightfully free of army drudgery and daily nerve-wracking routine. Civilians flocked to the "lager" to offer laundry facilities and home-cooked meals to all who would come. The unit was soon spared the necessity of supplying numerous guards for security purposes when the local patriots set up a guard corps, appeared nightly, and patrolled in shifts. American coffee and a meal were their reward. This militia could eat seconds on C-rations!

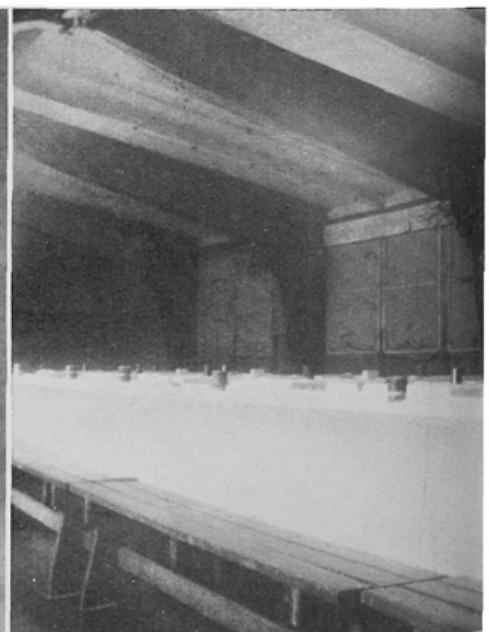
After the numerous bivouac areas necessitated by the drive thru France, the men voted this newest home as comparatively luxurious. They were quartered in well-built prefabricated wooden barracks, complete with double bunks, and, of course, the beds had wooden slats as mattresses but they beat hell out of the ground even if they beat hell out of the men.

The officers rummaged through Bettemburg and finally chose a green two-story stucco house in the very center of town. The orderly room, guard house, barber shop, supply room, and first aid room were set up in buildings. The men were able to enjoy their first PX building in many long months. This also incorporated the benefits of a bar, where they could lounge, if they didn't freeze, play cards, and drink what beer, champagne, and wine as could be procured. Meals were eaten in a spacious mess hall, capable of accommodating the entire unit. The large tiled shower room with its hot water drove to obscurity the "helmet baths" of bivouac areas. The saying, "Ye shall yell for Fadrew and ye shall have hot water", was born here.

GUARD HOUSE



CHRISTMAS AT BETTEMBURG



Special Service, through Al Noulet, soon had recreational facilities available in the form of a large soccer-field, and a smooth outdoor basketball court. There was some friendly and spirited competition from local civilian basketball teams but they succumbed to the aggressive 116th five. On Sundays, the Bettemburg and Dudelange "football" teams would perform and the men enjoyed watching their first competitive soccer games. Unfortunately, it was here that Jennings Sauls attempted to block out Bobby Rounds on an "end around play", slipped and fell, and broke his collarbone. From the hospital he was shipped back to the States without ever returning to the unit.

Thankfully, incidents of this type were infrequent, and the men went thru days and weeks of war-time army life, working hard, playing hard, and spreading the seeds of the American way of life. The GI movies in Luxembourg city, in addition to their own unit movies and occasional U.S.O. shows, banned monotony. In fair weather or foul the men took every opportunity to visit the neighboring towns of Esch, Dudelange, Luxembourg City, and Villerupt, so that they were soon as familiar with these streets as with the winding neat streets of their own Bettemburg.

The operations area was located nearly a mile from the camp in a large apple and plum orchard. The walk thru the woods, going on or coming off shift, was always one of interest. This was especially so when making the trip alone at night because reports of "Paratroopers in the vicinity" were numerous and well embellished by individual additions. It was during one of these night alerts that Ralph Wilk, Pete Matseas, and Larry Smoyer fired a few rounds at the "attacking enemy". This resulted in negotiations whereby CWO Cagle, representing the U.S. government's interest, purchased a lead filled cow. The company was ahead some red meat and red faces!

Late fall brought the rains, followed closely by sleet, and then snow. For three months it was a rarity to find a dry spot, and the operations area was a mucky mess of slush and mud. The surrounding meadows and fields were completely flooded. There was a great deal of humorous speculation

MAINTENANCE



ROAD TO OVFAT



OVFAT HOTEL





REST PERIOD



WIRE TEAM

as to the probability of a battleship appearing on the horizon. Thru it all the DF crews stayed out in the field existing on ten-in-one rations and supplies.

It was during the Bettemburg sojourn that the company won further recognition and praise as one of the outstanding units of its type, and to the phrase "Patton's Gasoline Dump" were added those of "The Railroad Gun" and "The Bulge". During this period the enemy threw its all into a last do or die attempt. The 116th Sig. Rad. Int. Co. was the only one of its type that did not pull out, and for days it was the only source of tactical information in that sector available to Allied Intelligence Service. For a time it was touch and go with the enemy drawing ever closer and constantly threatening. The crew from Dog-Fox 4 was forced to abandon their equipment and fall back. It looked as though the entire unit would soon have to pack and move. Here was born CWO Cagle's defense system for the security of the company. But with only one 50 cal. machine gun available for use, and a few grenades that were "not to be used", the men made individual plans for falling back that included fox holes as distant as Paris. However a sweating out policy was agreed upon and the Bulge was brought to a standstill. Then, as it was steadily reduced, life again assumed a normal routine. All breathed easier, but the winter was miserably cold, the working conditions in the huts were far from ideal, "Bedcheck Charlie" put in his nightly appearances, and nerves grew taut as buzz-bombs passed overhead. But through it all, the men buckled down and turned in some creditable, valuable information.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were gala events. The Mess Section did itself proud, turning out two delicious never-to-be-forgotten meals. In addition, the townsfolk appeared with long hoarded supplies of schnapps, cognac, beer and warm invitations to spend the holidays in a civilian atmosphere. Home didn't seem nearly so far away then. Bettemburg will always be remembered and cherished.

The 116th was sorry to leave Bettemburg, a second home, but on February 20th, the first half of a convoy, with Capt. Barley leading, took off for the new location at Ovifat, Belgium. About an hour later, the second half lead by Lt. Lechman also left for the new area. All Bettemburg lined the early



CP AT OVIFAT



BELGIUM



OVIFAT'S MUD

morning streets to cry their au-revoirs. During the German break-through in the Ardennes, the roads had been badly torn up and repairs were just being made. Because heavy traffic and the weather had made most of the roads virtually impassable, the convoy was routed over roads that extended a great distance.

The towns along the way were picturesque, but shabby. Namur was in fairly good condition, but Liege, in part, was just ruins, from buzz bomb raids. At Verviers, the convoy left the main highway putting on chains in the dark and rain for the final stretch into Ovifat, a matter of thirty miles or so. Just after sunset the convoy started on this last lap of the move, but by midnight it was so confused that most of the men expected to end up behind the German lines. The driving conditions were the worst the unit ever encountered. Finally in desperation they tossed all caution to the winds and drove with full head lights. Planes buzzed overhead and the boys prayed they were American. There were no roads, only trails hubcap deep with oozy mud. Several trucks were left stranded immobile in the mud. The GMCs proved their worth that night as their rear duals chewed and churned through swamps of mud. The convoy finally stopped after having been lost three or four times and waited for Capt. Barley to find Ovifat in the disrupted hills surrounding Malmedy. Some of the convoy made it that night, but a good number spent a wet frigid February night in the trucks. Lt. Lyman returned the next day to rescue and lead the remaining men into Ovifat.

Lt. Lechman had much better luck with his convoy. When he found that he wouldn't be able to reach his destination by nightfall, he located shelter for his men in an unused factory in Eupen. Their route had taken them through the much bombed city of Aachen, and also through a strip of southern Holland. After a good night's rest, they continued their journey and arrived in Ovifat in the morning.

Although a clean-up detail had been sent ahead, there was still quite a bit of work to be done on the buildings in which the men were to be billeted. The company was spread around, with quarters in an unused hotel, private homes, and a school building. The mess hall and orderly room were



SIEGFRIED LINE



AACHEN, GERMANY

also in the school building. Since the roads were thick with mud it was almost impossible to keep the buildings clean without continual sweeping and mopping. It was at this time that an inspecting officer demanded to know the reason for mud covered shoes.

Operations were set up in a field about a quarter of a mile from the mess hall. During the night flashlights could be seen bobbing up and down the mud-covered ground helping some poor soul to find good footing in the oozy muck.

The shower and washing facilities were nil. Occasionally, trucks went into Verviers for showers, but the majority of the men took their baths from the indispensable GI helmet. Some of the boys found Belgian women to do their laundry for cigarettes and chocolate, but most of them boiled and washed their own laundry.

The 116th had about as wide a variety of bivouac areas as any outfit in the ETO, but Ovifat was without a doubt the poorest excuse for a place to live. Situated somewhat to the north of the area encompassed by the Battle of the Bulge, it had escaped most of the destruction that usually followed the war, with the exception of the roads. There just weren't any left. Both to enter and leave Ovifat, the fields were a better route by far. Over ditches and culverts, fences and so forth, the trucks and jeeps skidded through the ever unpopular mud. But in spite of the difficulties that had to be overcome, there were several of the men who really did hate to leave Ovifat. For it was here that they were billeted for the first time with Belgian civilians. A few friendships were cultivated beyond expectations and on the eve before departure the midnight oil burned late. These people had provided an atmosphere of a home away from home.

On March 18th, early in the morning (it usually was!) the convoy was formed and started off to the new location. For the first time, the 116th was to be stationed "Somewhere in Germany". The trip was none too pleasant because it was a cold day, but for once there was a good highway, in fact, one of the most modern and best highways in Germany — the Autobahn from Aachen to Duren. Many of the fellows were amazed at the fact that such a project existed but were grateful of the fact that it was there to use.

On this move, there existed the evidence of the destruction that had come to Germany. Cities like Aachen, Duren, Euskirchen and others had been heavily bombed and the white flags flying from the windows were a sign that Germany was disintegrating. Although there was no further need to display a white flag after the troops had passed through, it would seem that the people were going to prove they were all "Good Germans". However everyone had been thoroughly instructed on the results of fraternization, so for the most part the boys were careful.

They arrived in Lommersom early in the afternoon and were greeted by the fellows who had gone ahead in the advance party to secure billets for the company. Getting billets was another new experience here because the men were permitted to move the civilians out of their homes. Although some of the houses had big gaping shell holes in them and large sections of the roofs missing, they did provide fairly decent quarters. The house in which the CP was set up needed quite a bit of "policing". With the cooperation of the frightened local burgomeister, a group of civilians were requisitioned to do the job. Some of them were put to work in the kitchen, washing pans and doing the clean-up work, so the KPs found themselves with only the simple task of serving the food. Not only did the KPs benefit by this labor force, but also the men in the motor pool. Several of the trucks were cleaned and painted by the Krauts before the stay in Lommersom ended.

Although conditions permitted a very limited amount of entertainment, a volley-ball court was set up near the operations area and Al Noullet confiscated the local theater and succeeded in showing the movie, "Pin Up Girl".

The camera and binocular craze was still new to most of fellows but the 1st Sgt. had a profitable experience. One day a civilian came to the gate with a package which he wanted to give the guard. The guard would not accept it for fear of fraternization repercussions but Modell came along and relieved the man of his package. After he had taken it inside and opened it, he found, to his pleasure, a beautiful pair of binoculars. It was rumored the guard attempted to take the gas pipe.

BISMARCK IN DUREN

POST No. 1 — LOMMERSUM

SPRING PRACTICE



The curfew hour brought real sport for the Sgt. of the Guard, at which time he could literally shoot any curfew violators off the street. Many a shot was fired over the heads of shivering, terrified fräulein, but no casualties were ever reported.

At one time, suspicion was cast upon the Germans working in the kitchen for almost everyone developed a good case of the GIs. The cause of which is still a mystery. To relieve the ever abundant supply of dehydrated potatoes, the cooks confiscated some of the potatoes in the basement of the mess-hall. The change was too sudden!

Dental care has always been a favorite gripe of the soldier, but after Lommersom there could be no more complaints. The entire company was surveyed, drilled and filled. One dentist and his assistant, who supplied the leg power for the drill, did all of the work in record time.

Many of the boys acquired motor bikes and bicycles brought in by an Ordnance outfit. On the next move, the trucks had bicycles to contend with as well as every thing from inner-spring mattresses to sewing machines. When the 116th moved, half of Lommersom went with it.

Changing shifts after dark was troublesome for it was necessary to cross through an area patrolled by roving Ordnance guards who also had Army K-9s. This was the first time the 116th had ever encountered these vicious and most capable additions to the regular guard. The difficulties were surmounted after the men were instructed as to the procedure used in training the dogs, but nevertheless the sight of barred fangs unnerved even the bravest.

The main topic of conversation at Lommersom was, "Will he take her along or leave her here?" Many of the boys looked her over and thought she was a pretty neat job. O'Rourke said she would work and Blackburn spent most of his time with her getting her ready for the big day. However when the unit reached Ittenbach, the little green sedan had to be left, since it was impossible to get her registered for the C. O.

As the American Armies moved beyond the Rhine, the 116th found the mission of the Ruhr Pocket approaching, so it prepared to move across the

CROSSING RHINE



MESS HALL, ITTENBACH



RESORT BILLET





JERRY WAS QUITTING



BORKEN BILLETS

Rhine to a new location nearer the front. With the Russians advancing on the east and the Americans on the west, Germany was loosing ground fast.

On the 4th of April, the 116th moved across the Rhine close on the heels of the rapidly advancing First Army. It was a short jaunt from Lommersum to Ittenbach. As the 116th swarmed over the pontoon bridge across the Rhine, cameras worked overtime. The rapid Rhine with its picturesque mountains and their turreted castles were worthy subjects.

The convoy was lost only once on this short move. Ittenbach wasn't so much a town as it was a series of hotels and resorts. In peace time, only millionaires frequented the colorful gardens and the once comfortable hotels and houses in which the 116th was now billeted. The artillery had played hell with these estates and the fellows experienced difficulty in making themselves comfortable, although there was an abundance of bedding, mattresses, etc. The men were more scattered in this area than at any other time. The ever-late Sgt. of the Guard could always vouch for this!

The operations area was a comparatively flat valley surrounded on three sides by mountainous hills. It was on these hills that the men were billeted and the mess hall situated. A shuttle system was eventually designed to take the men to and from work. The unit was covering the Ruhr Pocket that was being fast obliterated by the newly-formed Fifteenth US Army. One night one of the intercept sections found the 86th Infantry Division setting up their headquarters all around the surprised 116th boys. Nichols finally righted things by directing the 86th's tanks to an area other than his. It was fun for men of the 116th to quiz the 86th's boys about "things in the States" as the latter had only been overseas a month.

The spring afternoon of April 11th, 1945, was a memorable one for the citizens of Borken, Germany. From the west, they could see an approaching cloud of dust; upon opening their doors and shutters a short time later, they found the 116th firmly entrenched in their school house and six of their homes.

It was a new experience for both. For the 116th to be in a German town that had been untouched by war, and for the Germans to see an American unit stationed in their town. Very interesting and noticeable was the decided change

in the attitude of the people. From the meek and subdued Germans along the Rhine who had lost nearly all their belongings, the men now encountered haughty and arrogant Germans whose homes and spirit had not been touched by the ravages of war. As much as possible was done to change their attitude.

Again, this was the fast moving war of the summer of 1944. German troops were cleared from the roads, but abounded in the nearby woods and hills. Shortly after the company arrived in Borken, it was discovered that there were two SS troopers employed as kitchen help in the company area. Needless, to say, there was a quick change of help in that department. All were not as fortunate as the 116th, for quite often soldiers were killed by bands of marauding Germans.

About a week after arrival, the unit received a detachment of Belgian soldiers who took over all guard duty. They were very welcome.

By now all were acquainted with such acts as looting and fraternizing, but two of the men came up with a new angle. They informed the Burgomeister of a nearby village that they were taking over all guns, cameras and other choice loot. They would have succeeded but for a lieutenant who discovered their plot and told the company commander.

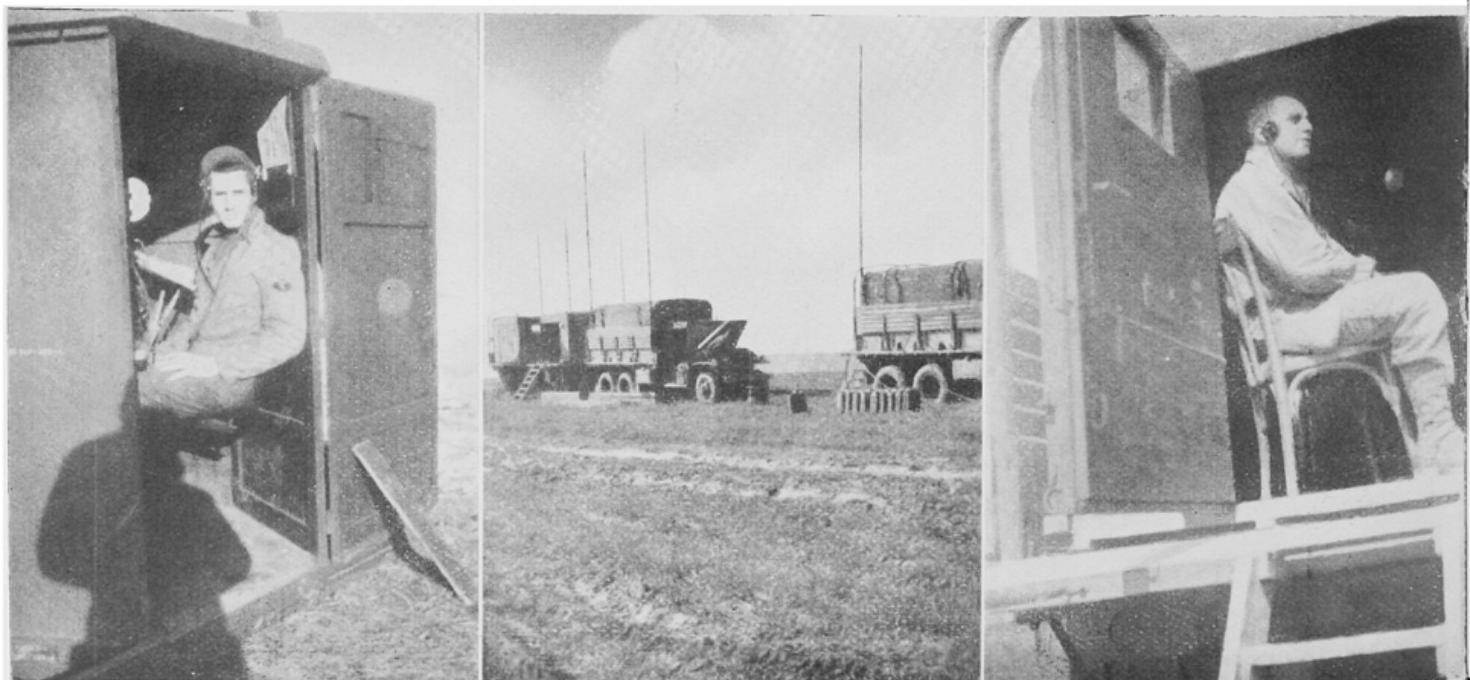
Borken provided additions to the already large collection of radios; the repair section did a land-office business checking, repairing and appraising almost every type of radio in Germany.

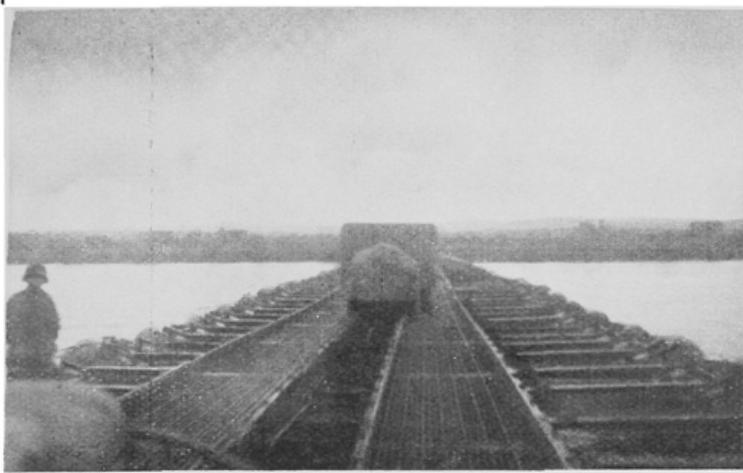
For entertainment, Special Service provided a soft ball field and some swell shows at the local theater.

Leaving Borken the morning of April 23rd, the company headed east toward Apolda, thrusting ahead into a Germany that was crumbling. The trip to Apolda was, though brief, a tiring and uncomfortable one. An advance section had preceded the main body, procuring the necessary billets and operations area; an innovation which had been previously introduced to cut down the time-lag in operations when we moved.

A portion of the convoy wound up at the far end of town in the very modern and completely untouched munitions plant of Rheinmetall-Borsig. There

#### OPERATIONAL SCENES AT APOLDA





OVER THE DANUBE



FIVE MINUTE BREAK

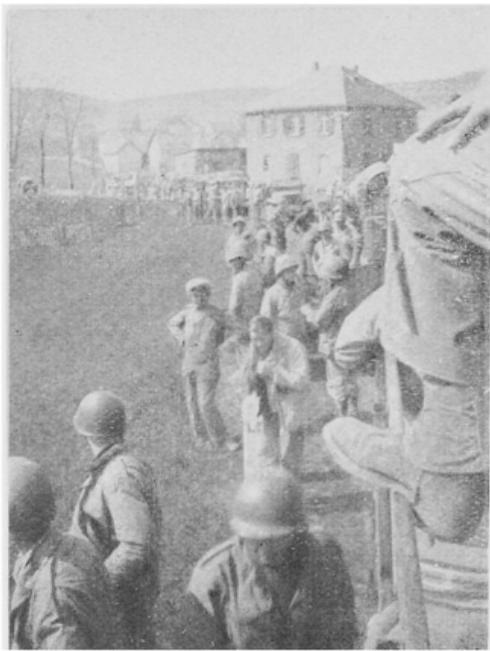
quickly followed a thorough combing of the premises — the prospect of loot was apparent, and the haul included drafting sets, stationery, trench coats, extra blankets, and desk lamps. Otherwise, the plant was left untouched.

As the trucks pulled into the area in which the billets were located, the various sections were assigned to private homes. Between jockeying for the best rooms and being assigned to them, the men installed themselves, lugging duffle bags, barracks bags, mattresses, radios, and other paraphernalia to their rooms. The houses were bare and empty, stripped of most of their furnishings, with no sign of the former occupants. They had been very efficiently dispossessed. That same afternoon operations were set up in jig-time and the unit was again ready to get on with the job. Operations were located a half mile from the outskirts of town, next to a soccer field which was later converted into a softball field.

Then followed a hastily prepared meal of C rations and hot coffee, and it was discovered the mess hall was located at the "Armbruster Shooting Lodge", which combined the features of a target range, social hall, and beer garden. The target range was unique in that the firing line was enclosed, and in the same room were hung numerous trophies and pictures, attesting to the prowess of the members. There was also an assortment of antique and odd firing pieces, from blunderbusses to elephant guns.

It was soon learned that an engineer unit had assumed temporary control of the town's military government. It was deemed necessary that the 116th assist by supplying men and vehicles to patrol the town. At first this did not receive a hearty reception, but the promise and actuality of prizes, such as cameras, binoculars, firearms, etc., stimulated interest. So, it developed, there was practically a waiting list for patrol duty.

The "Apolda Patrol", as it was termed, was memorable because of its activities in enforcing the seven o'clock curfew. Promptly at that hour in various parts of town, the patrol commenced its activities by firing off single shots announcing curfew time. Then followed a rapid and high-spirited jeep tour of the town in search of stragglers or violators. Some arrests were made when pistols were discovered in private homes, but such instances were few and far



CONVOY STOP



MESS TENT AT HAGELSTADT

between. Generally speaking the populace was quite anxious to carry out any orders military government issued.

Apolda offered some problems but GI ingenuity overcame many of them. There was no running water, just wells, and it was not at all unusual to see people lined up at the different water points patiently waiting their turn to draw water. The men drew their water from company water tanks and used it sparingly. They bathed, shaved, and washed clothes in that meager supply and were thankful for having that much. Through the grapevine they learned that the engineers had a portable shower unit and it wasn't long before they were permitted to share these facilities. Of course, the 116th reciprocated by allowing the engineers to come to their movies when they were able to get them.

Officially it was spring, but the weather man didn't wholly agree. At night the weather was chilly and those who were fortunate enough to have stoves in their rooms found it very comforting to have a fire going in the evening. Getting fuel offered still another problem. It was difficult to find coal or wood and many of the men overlooked "off limit" signs on cellar doors, and after foraging through a number of cellars found enough coal bricks to satisfy their needs.

Al Noullet and Billy Park of Special Service had the ball field ready in a few days and when the weather permitted the boys would get together and choose up a game among themselves. Lts. Ramey and Wilson were always on hand to add a little color to the game.

Meanwhile, General Hodges' First Army in the north was moving steadily toward Berlin and a meeting with the Russians. Hodges' men reached the west bank of the Elbe River but did not effect a crossing. Rather, they sent patrols across the river to contact the Red Army which was driving toward the east bank. In the south, General Patton's Third Army was driving into Austria and Czechoslovakia.

On May 4th the 116th left Apolda with victory in Europe looming large ahead. Thru Signal Security Detachment "D", the unit had been assigned its next mission of supplying radio intelligence coverage behind the Third Army, broadly developing its slashing thrust southeastwardly towards the "Redoubt." Thus, the next operations area was selected in the vicinity of the sleepy little town of Hagelstadt, 15 kilometers from Regensburg. Further, the unit received the information that it would have to go into bivouac there. This news the company did not relish for it had been billeted continuously since Bettemburg.

Early on the morning of the 4th, the snake like length of trucks wound its way through the streets of a yet quiet Apolda and out on to the open highway. The trip began with auspicious weather and the convoy proceeded at a leisurely pace though it had quite some distance to travel. As the day lengthened, the weather grew grey and dull. Later it drizzled intermittently. Finally, with all necks craning for the sight, the Danube was crossed and Regensburg entered. At the crossing, the convoy was unintentionally split up, and what resulted for some vehicles, was a comic merry-go-round tour of the city in which the Danube was crossed and recrossed a number of times. The advance section of the convoy pulled into the pine woods bivouac at dusk. The "tourist" section arrived at dark. The process of finding tent locations and setting-up the shelter tents was quickly succeeded by the desire to get the job over with, crawl into the "sack", and sleep.

At dusk on two consecutive evenings, the first days of the stay at Hagelstadt, there was some mild alarm over the appearance of a low-flying plane with Nazi markings. Precautions were taken against the possibility of air attack, but nothing developed. These first days were wet and rather gloomy. Of course, there was the usual mud. This in no way enhanced the comfortless bivouac life, but the weather quickly reversed itself, and there were warm sunny days and cool nights to make the stay in the woods almost pleasant.

Operations had been quickly resumed the morning after arrival and there began a death watch on the last throes of the Wehrmacht. Intercept policed the airwaves with increasingly anxious interest, striving to get a "beat" on surrender negotiations. Finally the search was rewarded. To Roy Olsen went the distinction of copying the official message from Supreme Allied Headquarters announcing the time and date of the cessation of hostil-

BACK TO TENTS ON V-E DAY



ties after the unconditional surrender had been signed by the German High Command. That noon there appeared on the bulletin board a brief notice confirming the news which had already spread with wildfire rapidity through the company area. It was signed by the 1st sergeant, for the company commander, and read in effect as follows: "Tommorrow is officially announced as V-E Day. Sun-tans will be drawn at supply at 1 PM!"

The actuality of V-E Day was accepted with little show of celebration or emotion. Its arrival was anti-climactic. The tip off to one attitude was expressed by the facetiously-worded notice that sun-tan uniforms were to be issued. There was the ever-present possibility that the unit might prepare for, and see service in the Pacific Theatre. The more optimistic harbored hopes of early return to the States. No one was willing to name the date. Then there were those who argued that an occupation status was a good probability. Shortly thereafter the point system was announced. Point scores were feverishly tallied and for a time the conventional greeting was, "How many points have you?"

Rumor and speculation were rife as to what would ultimately happen to the 116th. Saturday morning orientation sessions were attended with hopeful anticipation, especially for Sgt. Wachtel's pronouncements "from the horse's mouth". Finally, there was assigned the indefinite mission of monitoring the airwaves against subversive communications.

Operations had begun to ebb and "chicken" correspondingly to increase. The company was subject to daily inspection tours of the Captain with the 1st sergeant as his righthand man, checking on the state of the tent area, the appearance of shelters, with special attention paid the arrangement and condition of bedding and equipment. Even helmets were examined to see if they were dent-ed. Brass from higher headquarters was not completely satisfied with the conditions of the bivouac, so the 116th celebrated V-E Day by standing a full field inspection. Strict enforcement of a newly posted regulation that all mess-kits, on being washed and dried, should be placed **closed** on the folded blankets at the head of the bedding, resulted in a few men being given a week's KP for infraction of that order.

A company order that no man would be permitted more than his duffle bag to contain his belongings, brought about a frantic but comic examination of the heterogeneous collection the men had amassed in their travels across the continent; quite a difficult time was had by some in doing the necessary selecting and discarding. Much of the surplus was packed in odd-size boxes and packages to be sent home. Bob Williams and John Sherer had their hands full taking care of the truck-load which resulted.

Quite a lot of contact was had at Hagelstadt with displaced persons. There were Russians, Poles, and Slavs in the nearby villages engaged in farming, and some of the unit personnel exercised their linguistic talents. Some of the male DPs were anxious to be of assistance to the Americans and

worked very industriously with the mess-section. Somehow both sides managed to bridge the language barriers. Our cinema under the pines when evening fell would have been delightfully enjoyable had the battered projector been in A-1 condition.

It was a chilly morning that we left the pine forests of the Hagelstadt area—chilly for mid-May. As usual there was quite a long wait in the trucks before we actually started moving. The day before, the last of the men that had been away on Detached Service with SSD'D' had returned and were welcomed back into the fold. With them arrived the Radio team, "Goodman's Gang", which was to stay with the 116th on DS for quite some time.

Once rolling, it was no time before we were zooming dangerously through the narrow old streets of Regensburg, and along the banks of the Danube. (The "Beautiful Blue Danube", whose waters in the Regensburg area have been so accurately described by Ludwig Bemelmans as being the color of "coffee with too much milk in it".) The trip along wooded roads and rolling farm country in which the grain was growing thick was not wholly uneventful. With characteristic enthusiasm, Terry O. was so eager to pass one of the frequent ox-drawn carts that he knocked over one of the sleepy oxen as he passed. The peasants clustered around in alarm and indignation, but pretty soon the owner had somehow picked up the animal, and no bones seemed to have been broken. Terry's enthusiasm was not at all damped.

Before long we were passing through Pfaffenhofen and nearing our destination. It had been described as a "very good deal". We were properly skeptical, though. And we had visions of extensive mop detail and strenuous daily inspections!

We swept up the hill to the Scheyern monastery and along the grey dusty road to the Schulhaus. We would now see how much of a "good deal" the place really was. Some of the Dog Fox gang had preceded us there (doubtless hungrily awaiting the arrival of the ration truck), and they yelled to us that it was "pretty swell".

Well, it was. Especially after a period in the field. Long, white marble-floored corridors. Suites of rooms for each section, with four to six men in a room for the most part. Fancy hot and cold showers in a tiled shower-room in the cellar. Washbasins, sanitary toilets (of a type, to be sure, that puzzled a few of us at first — but we caught on). A spacious messhall in a sort of barracks building that had been added on to the main structure of the Schulhaus.

Everyone was issued an Army cot. One of the long, one-story barracks buildings alongside the main building was allotted to Radio Repair, and for quite a time they rattled around three like two or three peas in a pod. Another such building was allotted to the Motor Pool. A third one was designated as the Special Service Building. The remainder of the first day was spent in

getting "dug in" to our elegant quarters and finding our way around. Operations were set up on a nearby hill.

It was Walter Meth who, in his capacity as liaison man for the administration, had found this site and laid claim to it for the 116th. Originally, the buildings had been intended for a girl's school, but when the Allies started pounding the air installations around Munich, the Luftwaffe decided to move Luftgau 7 to safer quarters, and the Schulhaus was taken over and additional barracks built on the property. Even here the Luftgau was not altogether untouched — the buildings had been strafed and there were still plenty of pockmarks to give evidence of it.

For one thing we all gave a thankful sigh of relief: we would not have to mop the place daily. German civilians had already been hired to clean and help with the K. P. On the other hand, we were deluged about the second day with elaborate diagrams on the SOP for room and bed arrangement. The administration explained somewhat apologetically that "Higher Headquarters" — those evil and mysterious and anonymous figures — were accountable for the "necessary" reign of chicken. That Fowl Reign lasted for a few weeks, and everyone was very careful that his cup faced the right way as it rested on his pillow.

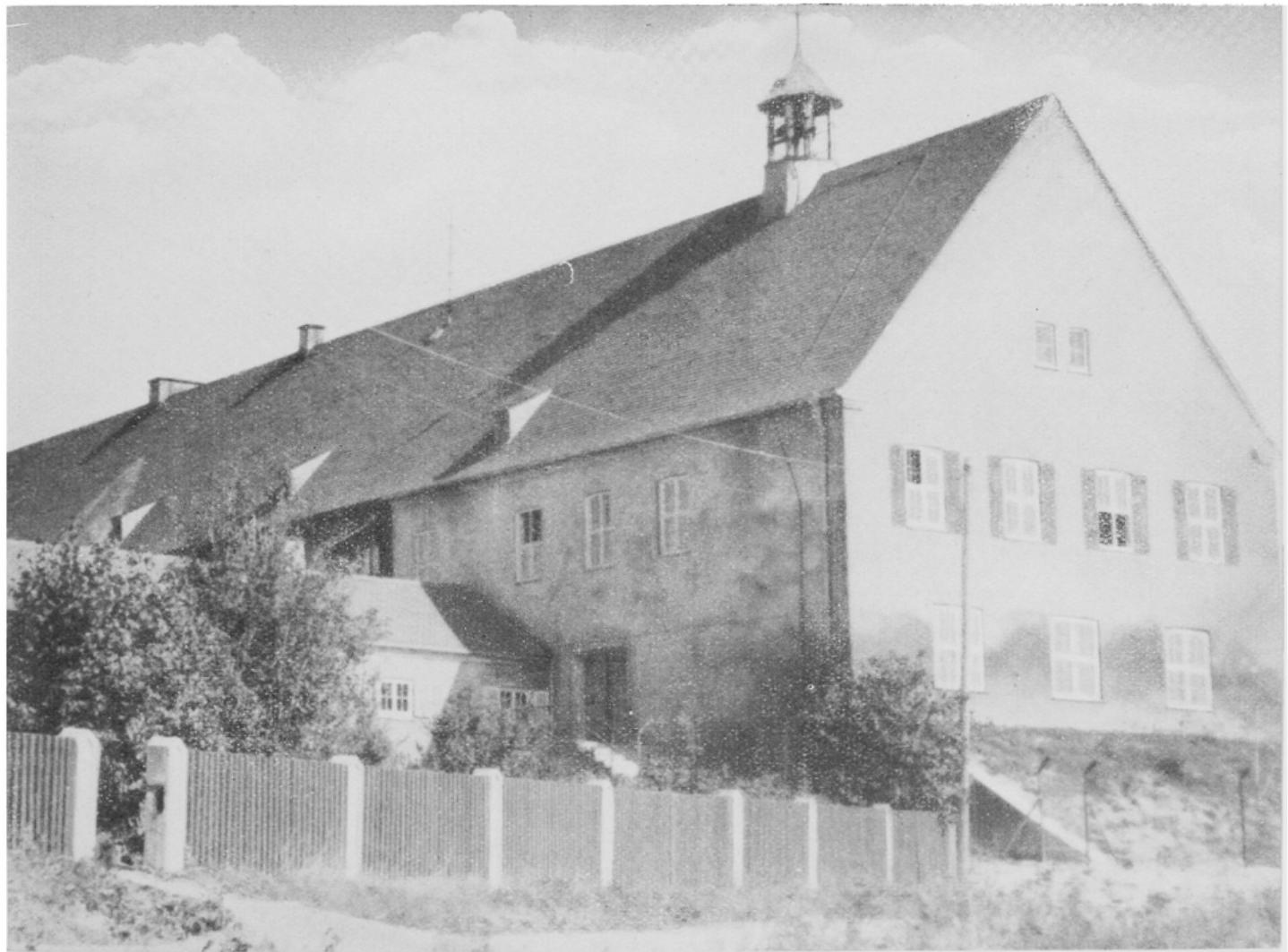
With characteristic speed and pep, the 116th got established in their new home. And within a couple of days, despite the reign of the Fowl, everything was buzzing. But it wasn't with the regular operations work. Our "mission" required a relatively small amount of work on everyone's part. No, there were other activities. Under the leadership of Lt. Wilson, the I and E program was inaugurated, with Al Noullet and Bill Park as his chief henchmen. John Meyer was put in charge of the German civilian workers (which accounted for his being referred to later as "Mayor Meyer" — the People's Choice"). Walter Meth continued his job as liaison man and Mr. Cagle kept him busy travelling all over Germany to get utilities equipment and other supplies. Mr. Cagle was determined from the start to transform the area into a smart and efficient camp. Every step that was taken in the process gave a greater air of permanency to the place — and that gave some of us the ominous feeling that we might be there for years!

A week after we had arrived a company show — "Three Down-Time to Go" — celebrated the company's third Organization Day.. the evening of May 18th. Master Carpenter Holmquist, with a few assistants, erected a platform at the end of the messhall; Master Stitcher Ianni snatched and stitched up some material for a draw-curtain. And-presto—we had a stage and theater. The Messrs. Wachtel, Behr and Abrahams and assorted actors got together, scripts were concocted, and lines were learned overnight for the show. As usual, everyone from the visiting Major from "Bottleneck" and Captain Barley to the Supply Room was kidded in one way or another.

No one around the place was much busier than Al Noullet and Bill Park. Under their direction and through their efforts and energetic enthusiasm, the Recreation Building was soon transformed from a dingy, leaky dilapidated building into a comparative Palace of Pleasures. A reading room, a game room, a couple of class rooms, a ping-pong room, a music room with piano, a Bar-Bell room, a boxing room, a tailor shop for Maestro Ianni, and a magnificent Bar were eventually created. And the large room in the building by the arch was turned into a de luxe class-room and music studio with a Bechstein Grand piano "borrowed" from the Scheyern monastery. A wheat-field in the valley below "Operations Hill" was transformed, with considerable labor and sweat, into a Junior Ebbets Field, and very soon a 116th League of softball teams was underway. It was not difficult to get volunteers to help clean out the cement out-door swimming pool for future use. And volley-ball and horseshoe-throwing equipment, both games fated to move their locations every other week, were soon put to active use.

The education program thrived too. The art sketching club, under First Sergeant Modell, and the photography class, under the Messrs. Snodgrass and Looyengoed, were the pioneer classes. Soon, there was an epidemic of music, aided and abetted by John Evarts, who instigated classes in harmony,

SCHEYERN SCHULHAUS



music history and piano lessons (the trumpet invasion came a little later on). And there was the discussion group, led by Harry Wachtel and called "The American Scene"; a course in Electricity under Ed Dyna's management, a typing class taught by Tom Colucci, a speech class, by Leon Abrahams, and even a dancing class (ball-room dancing, **not** ballet) presided over by both Tom Colucci and Alan Brandt. Later, when the pool was functioning and the weather permitted, swimming lessons were given by Sam Tilzer and Lou Seeger. Ben Whitten had an industrious group in beginning French (providing his own text-book via the typewriter), and Bob Calvert, after his Paris period, began a class in German which drew forth large numbers of active or would-be fraternizers who wanted to be articulate with words too!

In conjunction with the I and E program, the company newspaper, "The Interceptor", later known by official decree as "The Indicator", was begun. Bill Brunkhorst was editor, and when he went off to school, Ely Tarplin took over the difficult post. Patsy Altieri was technical adviser.

The first weeks in Scheyern were very busy ones, filled with a great variety of activities. Classes occupied the time of many, the inter-section baseball games followed in close succession, and the company carpenters and painters were busily throwing rooms together in the Special Service Building to create an up-to-the-minute bar (and they did). The grand piano got dizzy being moved from the building by the arch to the dining hall and finally to the Special Service Building, where it stayed. The "Arch Building" was turned into the Guard House and telephone-switchboard office. Ditches were dug all over by the German workmen, filled up, and soon dug again. The utilities department was having a field day transforming the grounds. Movies in the messhall were frequent, but the sound-track constantly suffered from some ailment, and the radio-repair men met stiff opposition in trying to improve things.

At the suggestion of Krizanovic, the 12th Army Group Band, of which he was once a member, paid the company a memorable visit and gave them a

HONORABLE DUTY

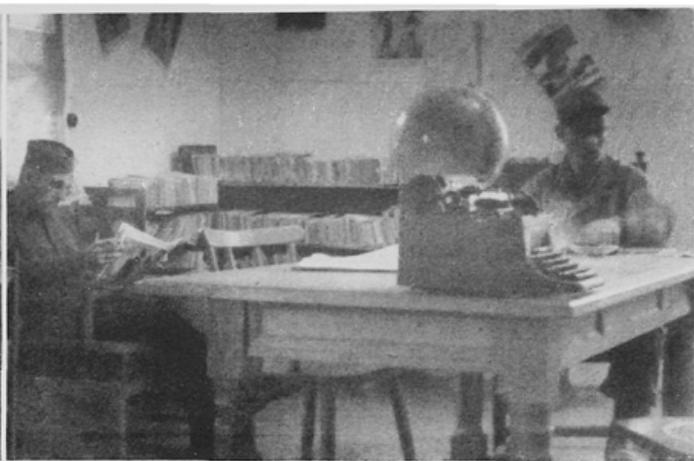


SATURDAY INSPECTION





BAR CHARLIE



LIBRARY

full evening of the best jive they had heard in a long time. Every few days, a truck would be dispatched for a trip to Berchtesgaden, the Koenigsee and Salzburg, or to Oberammergau and Garmisch, or to Dachau. And during the warm spell, which was rather short, many of the men swam in the pool and sun-bathed around it. Some fellows took walks around the vicinity, visiting with some of the D.P.s in Scheyern and Pfaffenhofen. Later on, the trips to Munich took the center of interest. In general, the first weeks were a period of discovery and novelty. With the realization that they might be staying in Scheyern for a very long time, everyone contributed what he could to help make the place more livable, more lively, and more congenial. The whole performance was a highly creditable exhibition of democratic cooperation.

(And in the mess-hall they were saying: "Yep, my kid's going to be 18 months-old this week. My wife says he's beginning to talk. Well, them 12 points is all to the good. Mohrman says they got a call from 3rd Army askin' for a list of all mer who have more than..." "Hell, no! I don't think the Fraternization stuff will work out. You take the average G.I...." "We was standin' on that path near the Peace-Angel bridge and this blonde come along with an older woman...." "Pass the sugar an' milk an' bread, please..." "Well, it's like this: the atom has a lot of little electrons and when it's split, all those electrons go shootin' around and you have an explosion, see...." "And Wachtel said that Captain Barley said that the 116th is goin' to be occupation troops. That's straight from...")

Events crowded in on each other as the summer progressed. There was the Barnyard minstrel show, conceived and produced by Leon Abrahams, which proved to be an ideal framework into which all sorts of talents were fitted — from Bill Gardner's clarinet playing to Noullet's hula dance and Modell's drawling mimicry. There were U.S.O. shows at the Munich stadium, which gave the men short glimpses of such diverse stars as Jack Benny and Ingrid Bergman, Martha Tilton and Paul Robeson, Bob Hope and Hal McIntyre's band. With the gradual lifting of the fraternization restrictions, a usually full truck left daily for Munich.



BARBER



TAILOR

Captain Barley left the company early in July and his place as commanding officer was taken over by Lt. Brownchweig. Not long after this came the decree from higher headquarters that the company must have reveille and calisthenics. They had them — for a time — plus Saturday morning inspections, indoors and outdoors. They also had outdoor presentations of the bronze star to a number of the fellows.

Some record should be made of the memorable opening of the bar, which was later christened "Bar Charlie". Under the genial though firm management of Harry Werneken, the bar opened in early summer with a generous liquor ration of cognac, white wine and champagne. The first three nights were about as gay, explosive and noisy as anything any of the men had heard or seen in a long time. The 116th's own jazz band, under Krizanovic's direction, performed at one end of the room. All conversations were held in loud screams or mounting yells. It was festive, and it was also the first real opportunity for the release of a lot of steam. Gradually, as time went on, the excitement relaxed a little and "Bar Charlie" became a regular and much-loved institution in the community. Conversations flowed; birthdays, baseball victories, early departures for the States, and promotions were celebrated. Outside of occasionally wakening the First Sergeant with too much exuberant conversation in the halls, the patrons of "Bar Charlie" never caused any serious difficulties; the privileges of having the bar were not abused. "Bar Charlie" was a good social force in the community: it was the place where many new acquaintances and friendships were begun. Men from one section of the company who had never had much chance to know men in other sections met together and came to know each other much better in the convivial atmosphere of the bar. Occasionally some of the officers would stop in for a drink and conversation. The V-J Day celebration reached a high peak of festivity and a record of consumption.

Another institution in the community which brought the men closer together in the realm of ideas was the Saturday morning orientation meetings, presided over by Harry Wachtel. In addition to summaries of the week's news, there were also short speeches and debates on such subjects as post-war conscrip-



AUDITORIUM AND MESS HALL

tion, veteran organizations, the fraternization law, Russia, and other topics. The open forum discussions, which followed the presentation of a topic, were often quite lively and informative and they were also valuable in giving the men an opportunity to express themselves.

(Familiar sights and sounds: The puppies in the mess hall . . . the civilian workers grasping for discarded cigarette butts . . . The Munich Romeos decked out in their ETO jackets and rushing to sign out for the 1300 truck . . . Ludwig sweeping up in the Recreation Building and kidding with Ed Lundquist . . . Al Noullet kidding the dish-washing Fräuleins . . . The First Sergeant bellowing, "Don't make so much NOISE in the halls . . . **Some** people are trying to sleep!" . . . Alan Brandt with his folder of newly-composed songs . . . Guy Blackburn in his miniature foundry . . . Holmquist hammering . . . John Sherer and Bob Williams and Pagano making a trip . . . Bob Calvert with a cognac glass in hand . . . The cleaning women in the toilets at very odd moments . . . Miscellaneous trumpet sounds issuing from miscellaneous rooms of the Recreation Building, mingled with some painstaking and often false scales on the pianos . . . Sam Tilzer batting a mean ping-pong ball . . . Julius Timko good-naturedly cutting hair . . . Greenberg singing in the Washroom and elsewhere . . . Ianni sewing furiously and dispensing rumors . . . Dynda's latest rumors and interpretations . . .).

Most of the men were pretty busy. But despite the many diversions around them, despite the physical comforts they had, despite the relative ease of life, there was always the inescapable fact that they were all "sweating out" the time until they could go home. It was not a silent fact either. The eternal and daily topic of conversation was sounded like a steady drum beat: Points, points, points, points. Men computed them hourly and grasped at every new announcement over the radio or in the paper. The hope of going home was uppermost in everyone's thoughts.

Bill Mook was the first man to be able to go. The night before he left, he gave a beer party for the company in the mess-hall (in the days before "Bar Charlie"), and there was assorted music by the guitarists, the accordionists, and the pianists. Later on, when they were on the verge of giving up hope, the forty-year-agers left quite suddenly, and the tension began to grow.

When a few high-pointers left, the others with almost as many points began to build their hopes up. Lt. Lechman and Lt. Ramey were transferred out with the likelihood of going home soon, and Lt. Pollock and Mr. Werschler, from the 113th S. R. I., were added to the company. Lt. White returned to the States, and in early September the first sizable group of men left with Lt. Lyman.

(And in the washrooms, with the new basins, they were saying: "You know that new cognac's not quite so good as the first stuff we got. My head feels as if . . ." "Say, did you hear the midnight broadcast? They said that all men with 75 points would be . . ." "So I told her I'd try to get back to Munich today, but I'm on duty. Are you goin' in? . . ." "Well, if they're going to discuss subjects like that I think they ought to keep religion out of it . . ." "Boy, that Bacall woman was enough to throw you . . ." "Did you hear about Bill falling into the ditch last night? . . ." "Hey, Look out! Here comes the cleaning woman again . . ." "Yeah, I went down to Starnberg yesterday. It was great, but my tail's sure sore today from all that horseback riding . . ." "I don't know where the hell I stand. First I'm essential, then I'm unessential, and now Mohrman says I'm essential again. Of all the snafued bunch of . . .")

During the summer there were unfortunately very few passes or furloughs available for the company, and there was particular disappointment that it wasn't possible to return to Luxembourg and Bettemburg. A few men were included in the quotas for schools in England and France, and in September a few men got furloughs to Switzerland and England. For a period of several weeks, a guard detail of over twenty of the company stayed at Ebermannstadt, near Nürnberg, guarding the Feuerstein Technical Laboratories. On their return they brought with them a fantastic product of the laboratories: a newly invented electrical piano called the "Electrochord", the only one in existence. They also brought considerable electrical equipment and an excellent phonograph and many good records.

There were occasional changes to add a little variety: the days of the bulldozers, for example, when the visiting engineers ploughed up the land around them, and everyone kibitzed like a bunch of civilians in New York City watching a construction job. Operations moved indoors, into the Radio-Repair building, in mid-summer. Guard duty alternately increased and diminished. John Biadrowski, with great bursts of energy and enthusiasm, set up a photographic portrait studio, and hardly any of the faces around escaped his camera. Every few weeks the Red Cross Clubmobile with Kay and Marge

HISTORIC MUNICH



TRIUMPHAL ARC, MUNICH



would stop by with their doughnuts and coffee and there was always a certain amount of competition for their attentions, and accusations of rank-pulling! Truckloads of German PWs were imported to do the labor in landscaping the property, and of course they had to be guarded. The company baseball team entered the 3rd Army League and won most of its games. It was a great day when the new table-service was inaugurated, and all of the men felt one step nearer to being civilians again when they'd say to their neighbors, "Pass the sugar, please". The Art Sketch class and the photographers each had an exhibition of their work in class room "A", and the musicians gave a couple of concerts, which included a small glee club, violin and piano solos and duets. Late in August two groups visited the Salzburg Mozart Festival and came back enthusiastic about their trip.

(And in the bar they were saying: "Well, what can you expect with Opoka gone? If Jack had thrown to second base . . ." "I dunno, I figure that by the end of November they'll have most of the men with 65 points taken care of and then . . ." "Remember that time at DuPont when Bobinko and Stempky went to Wilmington and . . ." "I'll trade you my Champagne card for your PX beer ration, only I haven't got my card with me . . ." "She told me she never had anything to do with the Nazis and her old man didn't belong to the party, so I said . . ." "I don't know what the hell's the matter with the mail these days, I haven't heard anything in more than a week now and . . ." "Well, after that corned-beef almost anything would taste good, even the Scheyern beer . . ." "If you add the last four months to V-E Day, that makes 67 points, and the notice on the Bulletin Board said . . ." "Well, after I left high school I worked in a steel mill for about 6 months and then . . ." "No thanks, I've sworn off cognac for the week . . ." "Just then Irmgard came around the corner and John Meyer said . . ." "You're wrong there, it wasn't Cary Grant, it was Gary Cooper. I remember seeing the show at Camp Kilmer and Claudette Colbert played the part of the . . ." "What are you planning to do when you get home? Goin' to school? . . ."

Around the middle of September the major changes began to take place. The first groups had left for home, a large group was transferred to another company, and a great many new men were transferred to the 116th. They began rapidly to lose their identity as a unit and it was the beginning of the much-longed-for end. Their common "tour of Europe" would soon be over. "Shasta University" would soon close its doors for good, and everyone would

KRAUT PW LABORERS



HITLER'S BEER PUTSCH



be going home. There's no need here to go into the many things the 116th had all learned during their period as soldiers, nor the many difficulties they shared together. Their stay in Scheyern seemed to bring out the best qualities in all the men, to erase many of the old difficulties and differences, to cement many friendships, and to bring to a fitting close that long period of association brought about by the necessity of war. The 116th had real character, quality, pep, ingenuity, variety, guts, talent, and a fine group of Americans. Happy as everyone will be to get home, everyone will also probably agree with Al Noullet who said one day, cocking his head on one side as he spoke, "Yeah, it sure will be good to get home. But, you know, I'm goin' to miss the boys."

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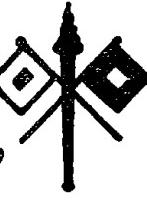
"Will it fit, Pat?" Discussing weekly space problems and perhaps cutting someone's article to size, Patsy Altieri and Ely Tarplin are shown in the newspaper office.





# INTERCEPTOR

116<sup>TH</sup> SIGNAL RADIO INTELLIGENCE COMPANY



VOL. I. NO. 1

SCHEYERN, GERMANY

TUES., JUNE 12, 1945

The INTERCEPTOR (later to become the INDICATOR) began publication on June 12, 1945, and appeared weekly. Devised as an outlet for heretofore latent writing talents of men in the company and a resumé of the around-the-post news, it soon became a popular fixture.

William Brunkhorst, who had civilian experience, was elected as the first editor, and under his direction the paper was launched on its way. In July when Bill went off to school in England, Ely Tarplin stepped in and took over the duties, ably publishing the paper until September and Brunkhorst's return.

Every week the staff combined to prepare four pages of news, features, discussion, and humor. Robert Ehrenfeld rapidly became the Winchell of the 116th as his Chicken Feed column wittily presented the week's gossip. Franklyn Modell's regular cartoon feature, "Way Down Back", rivaled anything that Bill Mauldin could produce. Harry Wachtel projected the weekly Orientation lecture and the doings of the world into his commentary, News and Views. Joe Stavis questioned the company's opinions in his Inquiring Reporter column.

Visiting luminaries and stars to Munich were interviewed by Lee Abrahams as an adjunct to Theatricalee Yours. Marvin Behr, and later William Schaeffer, filled Page Three weekly with the sports activities of the company. Other reliables could always be called upon to plug an open six inches, and often were.

Uncovered as the one really "indispensable" man in the company so far as the newspaper was concerned, Patsy Altieri became the Technical Advisor. Patsy, who had worked in the composing room of the Bridgeport Post, was an old hand at the game and took undisputable command of the work in the shop. The Udart Druckerei, which had published the Pfaffenhofen paper, was swung into line and the modern equipment of the now-defunct Zeitung was soon turning out the INTERCEPTOR. It was only gradually that the linguistic difficulties were overcome as the German-speaking linotype operators, often with weird results, struggled with the English copy they received. However, soon the mistakes per galley proof were down to a minimum instead of the early 25 or 30, and putting the newspaper to bed weekly became routine.

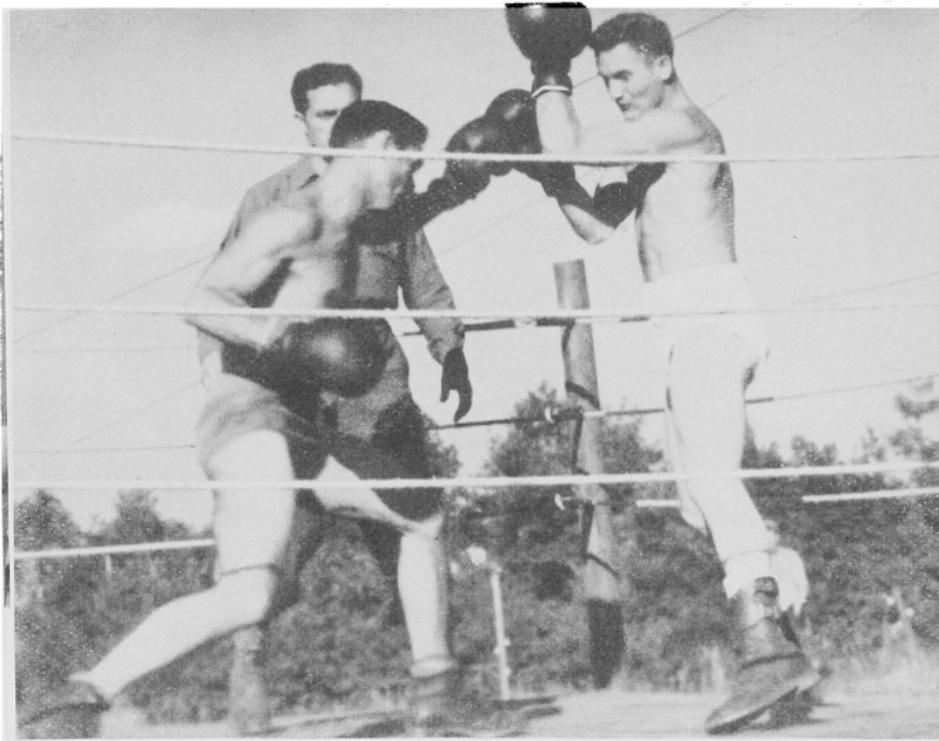
# **COMPANY SPORT HISTORY**

When this Company was formed back in May 1942, one of the first things to take shape was the ball team. They were led then and all the way through by the 116th's own Mr. Baseball, Al Noullet. Ted Opoka soon made his appearance and took permanent charge of the hurling. Big Henry Mackeben caught "Lefty", Dan Hamrick went to first, "Judy" Zacker was at second, Mickey Linderman at short and Al of course, played third. Concerning the rest of the club no one seems to remember just who did roam the outfield, but if they were on a par with the infield, here then was one sweet ten.

There weren't more than sixty men in the Company at this time, but that didn't seem to be much of a handicap, because they dropped just one game all summer. By October, the unit was brought to strength and the following spring Noullet, for the first time, had plenty of talent. As the boys got ready to take the measure of the organizations in Crowder, the run down of the line up looked something like this — Opoka P, Mackeben C, Hamrick 1B, Zacker 2B, Wilk SS, Noullet 3B, Schaeffer LF, Flaherty CF, Edleman RF, and Mike Romanko SF. The team went along great guns, not meeting defeat till the game with the Air Cadets on the University of Arkansas campus at Fayetteville. Noullet had a crippled ten, but the boys stayed in there all the way only to fall in the final innings 2—1.

Moving to Ft. DuPont in May, the club took over the Post baseball team, their beautiful diamond, then dropping softball they soon won every spot on the team. Bill Park became manager and playing with him were, Koeppel, Noullet, Hamrick, Royer, Romanko, Wilk, Knowlton, Wartman and the nine's only pitcher, a fellow from the medics. DuPont was entered in the league with the New Castle and Dover Air Bases plus playing side games at Christiana and Delaware City. The Post team didn't fare too well, but the guys had a lot of fun and gained plenty of experience. At

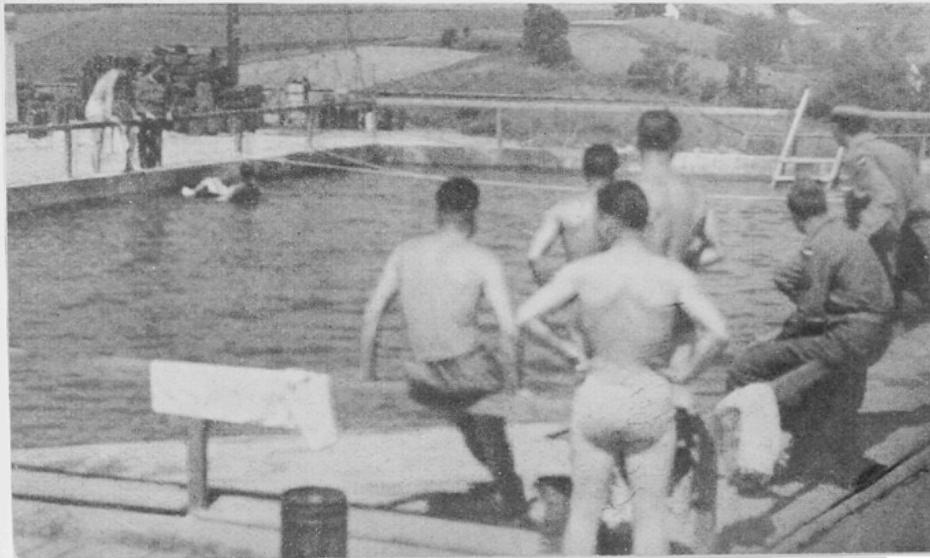




GREENBERG'S  
FIGHTING PUPILS



VOLLEYBALL  
IN BACKYARD



THE  
SWIMMING HOLE

the season's close, a league all-star team was picked with Noullet, Hamrick and Park stationed at third, center and short. The stars played and licked the Wilmington Blue Rocks in a night game, 3—1 as Bill Park rapped out two hits.

This brought a close to the national pastime for 1943, and the outfit didn't get back on the diamond till the following year at Pylewell House, England. Here the varsity team quickly swung back to softball and into action against the 121st, 113th and 114th R. I.s, as well as teams from the neighboring Thunderbolt Field. The 116th kept up the victory pace, losing once only to the 121st and 114th. Here the line up had changed some and now ran this way — Koeppel C, Hamrick 1B, Park 2b, Ricci SS, Noullet 3B, with Wilk, Royer, Knowlton, Romanko, Wartman and Leo Nelson alternating in the outer gardens. Teddy Opoka was still pitching but getting help now from Wes Nethercutt a fast ball hurler.

THE UNIT'S PRIDE AND JOY — VARSITY BALL CLUB, 1945

Kneeling, (l to r): John Pilarz, catcher; Ralph Wilk, left fielder; William Park, shortstop; Ted Opoka, pitcher; William Schaeffer, official scorer; Al Noullet, 3rd base and manager; Standing: Lt. Bruce Wilson, pitcher; Jack Koeppel, 1st base; John O'Sullivan, center fielder; Walter Knowlton, right fielder; Berge Wartman, 2nd base; and Ralph Royer, short fielder; Joe Ricci, infielder, absent when picture was taken.





VARSITY - ENGLAND - 1944

In addition to the varsity schedule, an intra-company softball tournament began, with the Wire Section led by Noullet and Koepel winning, defeating Opoka and the Motor Pool in the finals 5—2. Wire had advanced to the championship with victories against the Fourth and Second Intercept Sections. Motor Pool came through over First Section and then upset the tourney favorite, Section Three, who were driven along by six varsity members, 4—2.

August brought a close to competition as the Company crossed the channel and became too busily involved with war against the Germans to have time for wars on the diamond. This situation prevailed till the following April at Borken, where the club took two from an Engineer Company and split a two game series with SSD. Apolda came next and a victory over the 113th, followed by the Company's move to Regensburg and victories over the Third Army Headquarters team, a Signal Service Company, a Quartermaster outfit and a win and loss with possibly the toughest club ever met, the 503rd M. P.s. Ted Opoka, in the first M. P. game, was probably as hot as he had ever been, striking out fifteen men and allowing just one hit, that coming in the last of the seventh and coupled with foul walks pushed two runs across. Then Ted got mad, tugged at his trousers, and struck out the next three batters to end the game and gain a sweet 3—2 win.

Gaining momentum as they went along, the varsity moved into Scheyern, constructed one of the best ball diamonds outside the states and proceeded

to club out wins over every team in the vicinity. The boys rang up a record 27 wins out of 30 games, and then with an Opokaless team bucked into the fourteen-team, Third Army League and finished up near the top of the circuit.

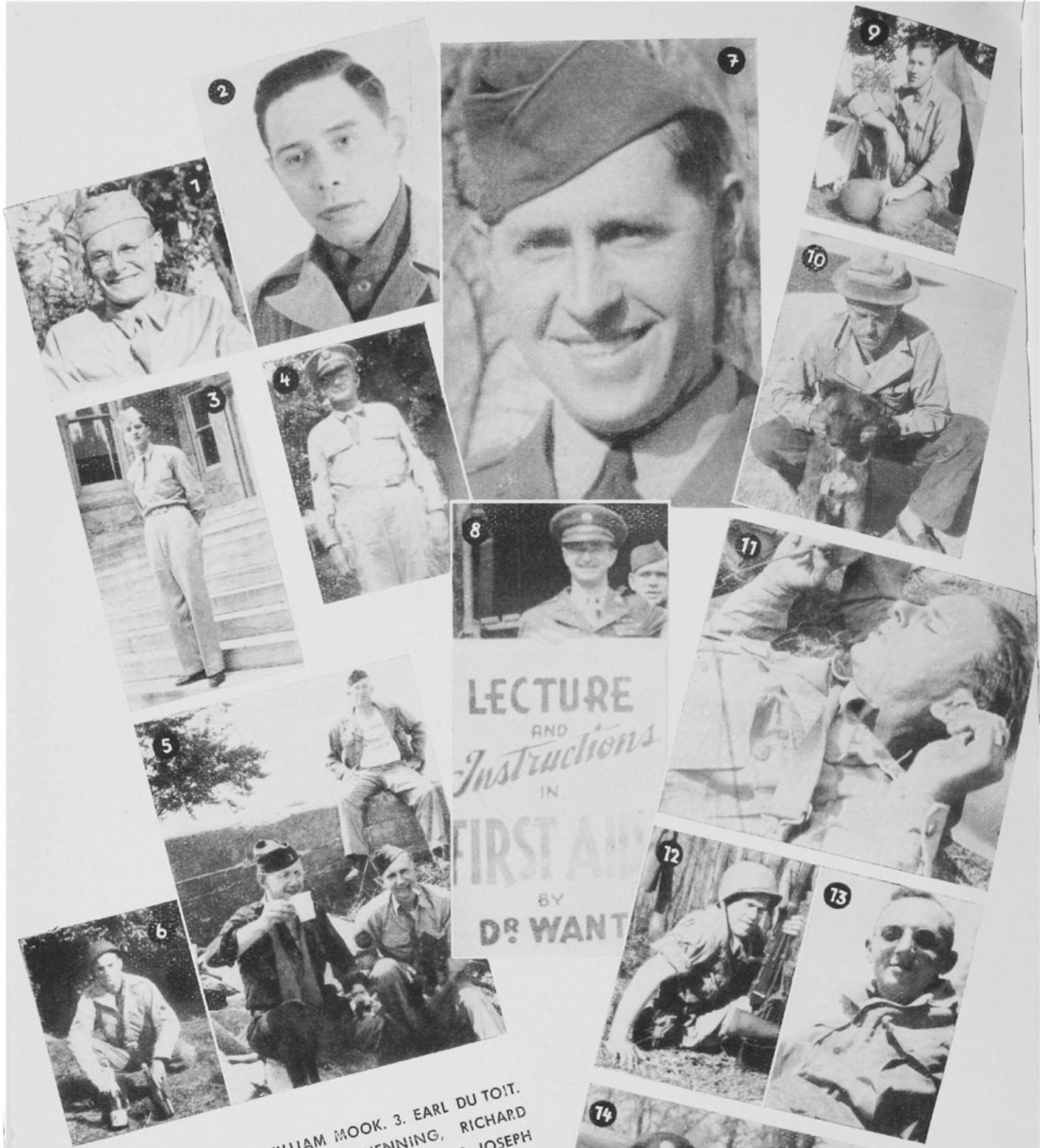
Al Noullet's ball club all the way through had that professional touch about them, and before every game took to the field, knocking their opposition's eyes out with one of the snappiest infield drills outside of organized ball. The gang took all comers and with Ted, when he was right, were almost unbeatable.

While at Scheyern, the whole company got out on the field when an eight-team, "A" League and a five-team "B" League were formed. The circuit opened up in June and played all the way into September. At mid-season an all-star team was picked and pitted against the varsity. The big boys got a real scare as the stars threatened in the first and fifth innings, while holding the varsity back and allowing them just one hit. Finally Al Noullet busted up the scoreless battle in the eighth, when he sent a long home run into the right field corner for the 1--0 win.

Basketball came into the picture back at Camp Crowder as the Company played the other R. I. units around the post. Noullet, Hamrick, Barsodi, Royer, Romanko, Hamlet and Edleman made up the squad and were unbeaten in six games. In England the outfit entered a tournament at Salsbury but were beaten in the first round. Later they tangled with the 121st and came away with a rough 41--38 win. While in Beitemburg the Company played a series of games with the Luxembourg all-stars and came out victorious despite an out-door court and the stamina of the soccer loving Luxembourgers.

COMPANY DIAMOND, SCHEYERN, GERMANY, 1945





1. CHESTER COLBY. 2. WILLIAM MOOK. 3. EARL DU TOIT.  
4. RALPH JOSELYN. 5. ELMER HENNING. RICHARD  
DOWDY, FADREW IVEY. 6. CLARAGE FALLWELL. 7. JOSEPH  
GEIMER. 8. HAL WANT. 9. LEO NELSON.  
10. THOMAS FLAHERTY. 11. STANLEY  
BLAMA. 12. FLOYD EDELEMAN. 13. DANIEL  
NIMER. 14. RAY BARRON WITH WIFE,  
LESTER VINCENT.



## THEY ALSO SERVED

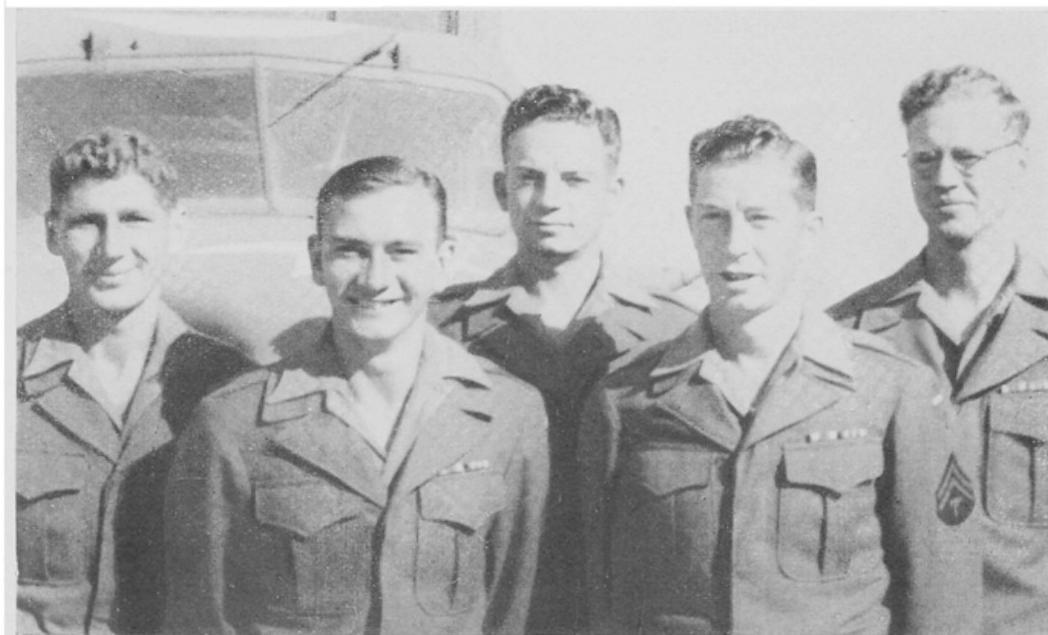
The following men were at one time with the 116th :

ANTHONY, CARL H.	2910 Mercier St, Kansas City, Mo.
BANNARD, YORKE H.	659 Locust St, Winnetka, Ill.
BARRON, RAY	Box 446, Rt No. 6, Pine Bluff, Ark.
BERENS, LEO M.	209 N. Carroll St, Carroll, Iowa
BLAMA, STANLEY	407 E. Myrtle Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
BOYER, FLOYD	2136 Potter St, Lincoln, Neb.
BRENNING, JOHN	Rt No. 4, McCooke, Neb.
BROCKHURST, ROBERT R.	36 Magnolia St, Buffalo, N.Y.
BROWN, TROY E.	Harmony, Ark.
BROWNING, JOHN P.	2515 Neil Ave, Columbus, Ohio
COLBY, CHESTER H.	76 Lincoln Ave, New London, Conn.
COOKE, RICHARD E.	220 Custer Ave, Newark, N.J.
DEY, RUSSELL A.	5525 Mattfelot Ave, Baltimore, Md.
DOWNER, HENRY A.	Rt No. 4, Box 18, Olympia, Wash.
DU TOIT, EARL F. JR.	148 Kingston, Grove City, Ohio
EDLEMAN, FLOYD E.	405 W. 13th St, Lorain, Ohio
ESCARZAGA, OCTAVIO C.	3475 2nd Ave, Los Angeles, Cal.
FALLWELL, CLARAGE H.	Friona, Texas
FISHER, CARL W.	206 E. 9th St, Newport, Ky.
FLAHERTY, THOMAS J.	3409 Powersway Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
FLANAGAN, JOHN R.	387 El Paso St, Springfield, Mass.
GARBATOW, IRA	1288 Hoe Ave, Bronx, N.Y.
GEIMER, JOSEPH H.	2549 Cissna St, Kansas City, Kans.
GOODMAN, ARNOLD	6306 Enright Ave, St. Louis, Mo.
GRESKO, JOHN	1254 Brittain St, Youngstown, Ohio
GRIGSBY, CHARLES E.	425 E. Dewey Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
GRIMES, LEONARD	Scuddy, Ky.
GROSSMAN, LAWRENCE W.	1012 16th Ave, Columbus, Ohio

HAMLET, HARRY D.	Rt No. 1, Mayfield, Ky.
HAMRICK, DANIELL N.	Ellenboro, N.C.
HARRIS, IRWIN H.	1528 Elprado, Torrance, Cal.
HEINL, ROBERT P.	834 Vinton St, Toledo, Ohio
IVEY, FADREW D.	306 Mansfield Place, Dayton, Ohio
JENKENS, JOHN L.	North 5th St, LaFayette, Ind.
JONES, CHARLES P.	1206 Diagonal Rd, Akron, Ohio
JOSSELYN, RALPH B.	Boston Rd, North Billerica, Mass.
KOSIER, ROBERT G.	554 Main St, Lykens, Penna.
LANDRY, ELMO M.	Box No. 24, Carville, La.
LANIER, CHARLES B.	3556 74th St, Jackson Heights, N.Y.
LECHMAN, OTTO	460 Rickarby St, Mobile, Ala.
LEITMAN, GUSTAVE	2000 Vyse Ave, Bronx, N.Y.
LIS, CONSTANTINE E.	11538 Aubin St, Hamtramck, Mich.
LOLE, THEODORE W.	12626 Riad Rd, Detroit, Mich.
LOVENSIMER, RAYMOND	RFD No. 1, Orient, Ohio
LOWE, GERALD A.	1107 Carr St, Denver, Col.
Mc BRIDE, JAMES L.	323 Jarrett St, Paducah, Ky.
Mc KEE, ROBERT R.	650 Headley Ave, Lexington, Ky.
Mc MANN, JAMES H.	Rt No. 2, Military Rd, Lexington, Ky.
MESTLER, MARVIN G.	926 Niagara Ave, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
MOOK, WILLIAM J.	1322 Himrod Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
MORRIS, JAMES H.	436 Washington St, Gary, Ind.
MOSS, HERMAN	63 Lock St, New Haven, Conn.
MOUNT, WILLIAM E.	Weskan, Kans.
NELSON, LEO W.	Box No. 295, Monticello, Minn.
NETHERCUTT, WESLEY H.	917 Rear Madison Ave, Huntington, W. Va.
NIMER, DANIEL	7545 Kingston Ave, Chicago, Ill.
PHILLIPS, ROBERT B.	414 Wastena Terrace, Ridgewood, N.J.
POROPAT, JOHN	Sasser, Ill.
RENKENS, JOHN H.	Harrison St, Sag Harbor, L.I. N.Y.
ROMANKO, MICHAEL E.	328 Emery St, Youngstown, Ohio
SANKER, PAUL N.	2813 W. Chestnut Ave, Altoona, Penna.

SAULS, JENNINGS E.	Ameagle, W. Va.
SEITZ, ROLAND J.	702 Division St, LaCrosse, Wis.
SELIGMAN, SELIG J.	1221 Raum St, N.E. Washington, D.C.
SLANE, WILLIAM E.	523 N. Franklin St, Van Wert, Ohio
STAGNER, BARNEY M.	169 Smith-Ballard St, Richmond, Ky.
TERRY, HAROLD F.	Ogallala, Nebraska
TISCHLER, SIEGMUND	48-45 North Troy, Chicago, Ill.
VINCENT, LESTER H.	1315 W. Pike St, Clarksburg, W. Va.
WEIBER, EARL F.	5706 South Emerald, Chicago, Ill.
WILLS, RICHARD B.	837 Ohio Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
ANDERSON, DONALD L.	HENNING, ELMER
BROWN, WILLIAM H.	LAKIN, FRANK M.
COWAN, CHARLES E.	LEWIS, MYRON S.
FISHER, FRANK	Mc CANNEL, HAROLD R.
GARDNER, WILLIAM	SCHOLNEK, SAUL
	WANT, HAROLD O.

## "GOODMAN'S GANG"



From left to right:

ARNOLD GOODMAN, C. B. LANIER, JERRY LOWE, TROY BROWN, YORKE BANNARD

**DATE DUE** (DA Pam 28-30)

MAIN 940.541273 U56h  
History From Date Of Activation, 18 May,  
United States Army, Signal Corps, 116th  
R. Oldenbourg, 1945  
Combined Arms Research Library  
Fort Leavenworth, KS

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940           U. S. Army. Signal Corps.  
.541273    116th Signal Radio In-  
AUTHOR       telligence Company.  
U56h            History from date of  
TITLE        activation, 18 May, 1942  
C 1.        until V-J Day, 2 Septem-  
DATE          ber 1945

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U56h

U. S. Army. Signal Corps. 116th  
Signal Radio Intelligence Company.  
History from date of activation,  
18 May, 1942 until V-J Day, 2 September  
1945.

75

LIBRARY  
COMMAND  
AND  
STAFF  
COLLEGE

